THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 3994.—VOL. CXLVII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1915. SIXPENCE.

The Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Engravings and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.

STRONG MEN OF FRANCE AND GREAT BRITAIN: GENERAL JOFFRE ACKNOWLEDGES THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD ON LEAVING THE WAR OFFICE WITH LORD KITCHENER, DURING HIS RECENT VISIT TO LONDON.

General Joffre received a very enthusiastic welcome from Londoners who were lucky enough to see him during his recent visit, which was quite unexpected by the general public. He arrived in London on the morning of Friday, October 29, and went at once to the War Office, which he left at 1.30 with Lord Kitchener. As they came down the steps hearty cheers were raised, which General Joffre acknowledged by a salute, repeating it just before entering the car. He and Lord Kitchener then drove to the French Embassy, where they lunched with the French Ambassador. In the afternoon General Joffre conferred with Ministers at No. 10, Downing Street, and after another visit to the War Office, dined with Lord Kitchener at York House. The next day he again visited Lord Kitchener at the War Office. He was also received by the Queen at Buckingham Palace and by Queen Alexandra at Marlborough House. In the afternoon he left Victoria by special train.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEWSPAPER ILLUS.

BABYLON.

BABYLON the Great has fallen—how low, the second chapter of Professor L. W. King's new volume, "A History of Babylon from the Foundation of the Monarchy to the Persian Conquest" (Chatto and Windus), the second in his series of histories, tells us. Except for one of the city gates and the shattered throne-room of Nebuchadnezzar II., there is scarcely anything of its buildings left but substructures and ground plans. Not only the stones, but even the burnt bricks have been carried away, and most of what remains consists in the mud-brick cores of walls and platforms, so changed by damp and salts as to be hardly distinguishable from their mother earth. Worse than this, the dimensions of the city have shrunk woefully under the archæological searchlight. The fifty-three miles of city-wall imagined by Herodotus, and the more modest forty of Ctesias, turn out to be really little more than eleven—somewhat less than the circuit of Stambul; and the world-famous "Hanging Gardens," it is maintained, were nothing more than a small oblong terrace raised on low vaulting, which was almost entirely below ground level. Professor King demurs to this identification of Koldewey's; but he has no alternative to propose.

The book before us, therefore, has had to depend far less than its author probably hoped at one time on evidence recovered from Babylon itself. It is no fault of the German excavators who have been at work on the site for close on twenty years. Sennacherib destroyed much of the pre-existing city, and the rise of the water-level of the Euphrates has made most of what he spared inaccessible except with the aid of very powerful pumping plant. The later city, that due in the main to the "Neo-Babylonians," Nabopolassar and his successors, has been a quarry for nearly two thousand years. And the sad result is that, in spite of the colossal labours of Koldewey and his assistants which Professor King describes, and the lavish expenditure of German money, we have still to go to other sites and sources for most of the fragmentary knowledge which can be gleaned about Babylonian history. It is only necessary to turn the pages of his volume to see that the sources are still mainly extraneous. Excavations on other South Mesopotamian sites and at Susa in Elam are responsible for most of the evidence about even the First Babylonian Dynasty. If it were not for the transportation to Susa of the *stela* engraved with the famous Code, how much should we know now of Hammurabi and the society of his realm? And of later dynasties, too, the same must be said. Our history of the Kassites is still derived chiefly from the archives found at Tel-el-Amarna in Egypt and at Boghaz Keui in Cappadocia. Almost all we know of the dynasties next in order has been learned from Assyrian monuments. Even when we reach the Neo-Babylonians, their political achievements are hardly noted on any document found at Babylon, but must be gathered from Hebrew and Greek literature.

Since Babylon and even Babylonia give so little help, Babylonian history remains a fragmentary record. If the Primitive Age, with which Professor King has dealt already in his "Sumer and Akkad"—an age during which Babylon itself existed only in embryo, and was never dominant in Babylonia—be left out of account, the periods adequately documented are three, one divided from another by long intervals of obscurity. First, the latter part of the First Dynasty, age in the end of the third millennium B.C., and the opening of the second. Next, the middle of the Kassite Age, the fourteenth and thirteenth centuries. Finally, after an ill-filled gap of some four hundred years, comes the period of the Middle and Late Assyrian kingdoms, followed by the Neo-Babylonian and Persian kingdoms. Professor King, commanding all the latest evidence, wherever discovered and by whomsoever discussed, adds notable facts to our knowledge of all these periods, and makes many luminous suggestions—*e.g.*, on a possible connection between the Kassites and the Aryan rulers of Mitanni, and generally on the rôle played by the last-named State in Mesopotamia. The three Khana tablets are new light to the present writer, at any rate! One may be allowed to thank the Professor also for summing up so clearly and readably the unusually full and complicated evidence for the social conditions of Hammurabi's time. But his greatest contribution is, perhaps, to the history of the darker periods. The elaborate discussion of the early chronology in Chapter III., and the light thrown in Chapter IV. on the origin and character of the Western Semitic element in the First Dynasty folk, strike us as peculiarly valuable. Some facts observed during the recent and now interrupted exploration of Carchemish, but not yet published, bear on the latter problem. Our author deals acutely with the Hittite questions, so far as they affect Babylonian history; but he has wisely refrained from committing himself about the dates of Hittite monuments, except by one remark in which he implies belief both in the great antiquity of the hieroglyphic script and its restriction after the rise of the Cappadocian Empire to purely monumental use. We doubt the soundness of either belief, and could adduce unpublished monumental evidence against each. But Professor King could, of course, go only on the facts available.

We have only one little grumble to emit—about the material and form of the volume, its thick heavy paper, its over-wide margins, and general aim at sumptuous appearance. It may be only a stupid prejudice, but should books so sound, serious, and scientific as Professor King's be thus produced? They look, to our first jaundiced glance, so different from what we find later that they are!

D. G. HOGARTH.

ATTILA AND THE HUNS.

IN his writings, Mr. Edward Hutton contrives to hold a balance between journalism and scholarship, to the prejudice of neither. There is a touch of journalistic understanding in the choice of a title for his new book, "Attila and the Huns" (Constable), for it carries with it a world of curiosity and timely suggestion. But the method of the book is no loose flinging together of facts about the Huns to tickle the ears of indolent readers who daily take the word "Hun" upon their lips—without, perhaps, any very clear idea of who the Huns, as distinct from their modern namesakes, were. Here in this essay Mr. Hutton has told the story in brief, with excellent completeness and just that sense of romance which the higher kind of "popular" history should not miss. He does not go out of his way to draw historical parallels—in fact, he declines at least one tempting opportunity to do so—but the whole work is a brilliant study in the repetition of history. Through every page runs this thread, and there are endless suggestions, if proof is impossible, that we are to-day fighting the actual descendants of Attila's hordes. Most acute are some of the notes, such as those which connect the Prussian student's duel-scarred face with that custom of the Huns which led them to make "deep incisions in the cheeks of their boys." Thus Ammianus Marcellinus, who goes on to liken the Hun physiognomy and physique to the figures hewn out in a rude manner with an axe on the posts at the end of bridges. It was inevitable that Mr. Hutton should here remind us of Hindenburg, "who really seems to have been hewn out of wood." Possibly this note was in type before the notorious statue set the faithful of Berlin driving nails into their idol. Possibly, or Mr. Hutton would hardly have omitted to mention the fearful significance of that rite in connection with the popular superstition of sticking pins into an enemy to his undoing. It is only another example of that idiot seriousness which has blinded Germany to all sense of humour. But humour is the prerogative of humanity. We need not marvel. In nine admirable chapters Mr. Hutton outlines Attila's attempt, in 450 A.D., to destroy civilisation. He struck his first blow at Singidunum, the modern Belgrade, just as the Kaiser struck precisely there at Serbia a year ago. The Hunnish incursion presents other extraordinary parallels. Aëtius could not make up his mind where the real attack of Attila upon the Empire was to be delivered. On Gaul or on Lombardy? In the same way we have seen Alsace held in strength while Belgium was destroyed. Aëtius and Joffre alike, in Mr. Hutton's opinion, failed to understand the force which opposed them, and which it was to be their business and their glory to meet and break. They could not believe that the enemy would destroy his whole case by an outrage on the moral consciousness of the world. This initial uncertainty cost the West dear in both epochs; but the Huns of Attila only presaged the fate of their conscious modern imitators. Mr. Hutton invests the story of Chalons, the battle of the Catalaunian plains, with the right touch of drama, and even of mystery; and shows how Attila's "frightfulness" was checked, if not destroyed. But the West was saved, and the Arch-Hun retired to attack Italy, retreat again, and perish, perhaps by his forced bride Ildico's dagger. The Latin authorities are quoted in full, and make good reading. We neglect these later writers too much, and forget their charm. On only one point does Mr. Hutton challenge censure. When he deals with Church legends he ceases to be a critical historian.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Germany's Violations of the Laws of War, 1914-15. Compiled under the auspices of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Translated and with an Introduction by J. O. P. Bland. 5s. - - - (*Heinemann.*)
The Pentecost of Calamity. Owen Wister. 2s. net - - - (*Macmillan.*)
Through Terror to Triumph. David Lloyd George. 1s. net. (*Hodder and Stoughton.*)
The Artistic Anatomy of Trees. Rex Vicat Cole. 7s. 6d. net - - (*Allen.*)
Sicilian Studies. Alexander Nelson Hood. 8s. net - - - - (*Allen.*)
Nights in Town. Thomas Burke. 7s. 6d. net - - - - - (*Allen.*)
Travels East of Suez. Rachel Humphreys, F.R.G.S. 7s. 6d. net. (*Heath Cranton Ouseley.*)
Belgium the Glorious: Her Country and Her People. Vol. I. Edited by Walter Hutchinson, M.A., F.R.G.S. 4s. 6d. net - - - (*Hutchinson.*)
Nelson's History of the War. Vol. VII. John Buchan. 1s. net. (*Nelson.*)
The Red Days: Being the Diary of a Prussian Officer. H. de Vere Stacpoole. 1s. net - - - - - - - - - (*Pearson.*)
A Woman's Diary of the War. S. Macnaughton. 1s. net. - - (*Nelson.*)
Songs from the Plays of Shakespeare. Sonnets by Shakespeare. With Initials and Borders illuminated by Edith A. Bibe. 1s. net each. (*Constable.*)
The Honeysuckle (a Play). Gabriele D'Annunzio. Translated by Cecil Sarfatti and Gabrielle Enthoven. 2s. 6d. net - - - (*Heinemann.*)
A Vagabond Voyage through Brittany. Mrs. Lewis Chase. 10s. (*Hutchinson.*)
Germany in Defeat. Count Charles De Souza and Major Hubbard Mitchell. 1s. (*Kegan Paul.*)
Russian Self-Taught. Captain C. A. Thomas and J. Marshall, M.A. 2s. (*Marlborough.*)
A Brief History of the French Revolution, 1789-1795. F. W. Aveling, B.Sc. 2s. net - - - - - - - - - (*Allen.*)
The Stars and Their Mysteries. C. R. Gibson, F.R.S.E. 5s. 6d. net. (*Seeley, Service.*)
Forty Years of "Spy." Leslie Ward. 10s. 6d. net - - (*Chatto and Windus.*)

FICTION.

Troubled Tranton. W. E. Norris. 6s. - - - - - - (*Constable.*)
Bill the Minder. W. Heath Robinson. 6s. - - - - - (*Constable.*)
The Water Babies. Charles Kingsley. Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. 6s. - - - - - - - - - (*Constable.*)
Quicksands. B. M. Croker. 6s. - - - - - - - (*Cassell.*)
More Adventures of an A.D.C. Shelland Bradley. 3s. 6d. net. (*The Bodley Head.*)
The Sign of Silence. William Le Queux. 6s. - - - - (*Ward, Lock.*)
The Flying Girl. Richard Marsh. 6s. - - - - - (*Ward, Lock.*)
The Golden Scarecrow. Hugh Walpole. 6s. - - - - - (*Cassell.*)
The School of Arms. Averil R. Hope. 3s. 6d. net - - - (*Routledge.*)
The Research Magnificent. H. G. Wells. 6s. - - - - (*Macmillan.*)
Collins and Co. Captain Jack Elliott. 2s. net - - - - - (*Allen.*)
Ian Hardy, Senior Midshipman. Commander Carey, R.N. 2s. (*Seeley, Service.*)
The Super-Barbarians. Carlton Dawe. 6s. - - - (*The Bodley Head.*)
The Bottle-Fillers. Edward Noble. 6s. - - - - - - (*Heinemann.*)
Eltham House. Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. - - - - - (*Cassell.*)
The Eagle of the Empire. Cyrus Townsend Brady. 6s. (*Hodder and Stoughton.*)

SAUNTERS AMONG BOOKS.

BY RICHARD KING.

MOST people do not recognise a heroine unless she stands in the middle of a ray of limelight. A heroine sitting quietly by herself in a corner—who ever heard of her? The world requires a miraculous shaft of limelight and an accompaniment of slow music before it realises that someone superhumanly brave and virtuous and heroic is standing in its midst. Well, perhaps it really is rather difficult to see heroism in a charwoman—charing. It is more convenient to call her act of courage "duty," leaving it unapplauded at that. There is nothing heroic in doing one's duty. It does not require a crowd of admirers and a medal. It just has to be lived through—like Monday morning. Nobody feels the spiritual faith to remove mountains on Monday morning. It is just a drabness, a dulness, a dead-level to be lived through somehow. So the quiet heroism of the *everyday* goes unheralded, unknown. And yet it is far more difficult to achieve than the sudden act of immense courage which gets interviewed and photographed and rewarded. The one is a moment of inspiration; the other is a weary struggle against loneliness and poverty and tears. I know not if there be a heaven, but this I do know—there *ought* to be one, if only for those who have fought through the long years with cheeriness and courage and optimism. God knows they have had small reward here on earth—except the chilly reward of a duty done—but to them the unwritten history of drab humanity owes some of its finest pages of heroism.

"All scum in a boiling pot rises to the top and makes itself seen, concealing the pure liquid beneath, until it is skimmed off," writes Elinor Glyn in her new book, "Three Things" (Duckworth). It has been said before in a variety of ways, and people have cried, "How true! How *very true*!"—straightway living their lives as if they disbelieved it. But occasionally—very, very occasionally—we do catch glimpses of this pure liquid concealed beneath the scum, and these glimpses happen in the queerest, darkest, and most unlikely places. "The Queen's Net" (Hodder and Stoughton), written by Harold Begbie for the Queen's Work for Women Fund, describes some of them. Heaven alone knows how many of the wondrous army of Poor Brave Souls have been saved by this most practical and noble work! The Queen's "net" has not landed those "fish"—and they exist in their thousands in peace times—who, as it were, live in expectant readiness to be caught in the meshes of any charity under royal patronage. It has caught those poor women who would sooner starve than beg; who, behind the lace curtains of their little houses, have eaten out their hearts in loneliness and disappointment and poverty. In peace-time so many thousands of these poor workers lived so bravely—one might also say so "genteelly"—within nodding distance of the workhouse. It is, metaphorically speaking, so easy to look like a lady behind a lace curtain. They worked and kept themselves to themselves, clinging fondly to their remnants of "better days," secretly thankful for the fact that, though they had to cook their own dinner in a chating-dish, nobody suspected, nobody saw them doing it. Then came the war. And war ripped away the pretty lace curtains from these lonely little homes, leaving their occupants exposed to all the shame of prying eyes and the horrors of starvation. But the Queen's Work for Women Fund saved these Poor Brave Souls from the final ignominy of a cruel fate. It helped to pin up the pretty lace curtains again in these poor little homes, and brought back courage and hope and a pale wintry glow of happiness into thousands of poor, terrified hearts. Mr. Begbie has collected a few of the life-stories of these poor workers whom the Fund has saved. His stories are pitiful stories of brave women fighting against great odds; but, though piteous and always sad, they yet are tales of wonderful courage and faith and hope, beauty too, and that heroic optimism which still persists bravely, even among human wreckage.

And, but for the very apparent manipulation of Fate by the author, Kathleen Norris, Julia, the heroine of "The Story of Julia Page" (Murray), might easily have become one of Mr. Begbie's foulon derelicts. She was brought up upon the pleasing and easy ideal that a girl has only to wear a smart hat, show her teeth, powder her nose, and cry "Well, fancy that!" prettily enough, and Man and Matrimony will eventually land her on the Island of Soft Cushions and Caviare.

But Kathleen Norris, in the rôle of destiny, was kind. She has not a story to tell, so much as a series of interesting problems to propound. Consequently, Julia is thrown into the pit and dragged out of it again whenever occasion requires. We meet her at the beginning, a silly, giggling, badly-brought-up flapper. But one day she hears the truth about her own "bad form" from the lips of a set of rich young people whom she wished to impress. Her reformation is sudden and unexpected. She almost at once becomes a grave, smiling, modest young person, giving up her life to the betterment of her less fortunate sisters. You see, Miss Norris wished to show how a girl *can* turn to better things, while incidentally allowing a writer to describe some American social problems. But when Julia finds the man she loves, who loves her, and the story seems likely to come to an end, we, and her lover, suddenly discover that she committed an "indiscretion" in her giggling days. Henceforth the problem is whether she should have told her husband of it, and whether he should rightly have gone and left her when she did. It is, however, settled happily—after many pages—and a very interesting but badly constructed story comes to an end. When an author is out to discuss a variety of problems it is extremely difficult to connect them by a love-story. The problems get in the way of the tale, and the tale gets in the way of the problems—often most unhappily. It is better to do as Elinor Glyn has done in "Three Things"—discuss the subjects she wants to discuss in a series of essays. She may not have much that is new to say upon such problems as Common Sense, Marriage and After, Divorce, and Motherhood, but she says it tersely and doesn't muddle them up with romance—romance panting hard after the problems. So we get a very readable little volume of these luncheon-party opinions which have not yet been aired so often as to be mistaken for platitudes.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A DANGER has recently developed for which some of us have been watching for some time. I take here the opportunity of adverting to it, and the circumstances which make it a grave one. The ruling minds of Prussia know by this time, quite as well as the ruling minds in the Great Alliance, that Prussia cannot now be saved by Bulgaria. If she could, she might very well think such a rescue worse than ruin. It would certainly be an amusing ending to the world-epic of the great Teuton, if he were saved in a damaged condition by a small Slav. The whole business began with the anger of Berlin when three of the Balkan Princes were strong enough to defeat the Turkish Empire. It would be funny, and far from soothing to the anger of Berlin, if the whole business ended by one of the Balkan Princes being strong enough to rescue the German Empire. But such a conclusion is far too entertaining to be true. In seeking this diversion in the Balkans, the German Government is not so silly as to suppose that France, Russia, and Britain, all unconquered and increasing in power, can be destroyed by King Ferdinand and his rather reluctant subjects. The German Government does not hope that the disturbance will procure a permanent victory. But the German Government does hope that it will procure a temporary peace. And it is exactly at this moment that some influential people in this country have, largely unconsciously, begun to work in the same direction.

The situation can be summed up with as much certainty as simplicity. A year ago Prussia wanted war because she wanted domination. To-day Prussia wants peace because she wants domination. If the reader will merely put himself for an instant in the position of a Prussian to-day, he will see that peace, and nothing but peace, is now his last hope of ultimate triumph: the one road left open to his original imperial goal. Peace, if he can get it at once, is for the Prussian a purely military manœuvre, like retreat. The evacuation of Belgium, even, might be as much a part of his plan as was the invasion of Belgium. Peace, at this moment, simply means that he will fall back on his own fortifications on the Rhine, exactly as he fell back on his own fortifications on the Aisne. We should await his counter-attack.

Some considerable time ago I noted on this page that Mr. Charles Buxton had entered a well-meaning but ill-considered plea, urging us to be content with a partial, or rather a negative, success. He has revived it in a letter to the *Daily Chronicle*. He does not, indeed, expressly advise the arrangement which he thinks that Germany would accept, but he speaks of it hopefully, as if it were a kind of good news; and he contrasts it with the tone of the Pessimist Press, for which he expresses a very just contempt. But I confess that if I thought our utmost efforts could achieve nothing but the peace there sketched out, I should be fairly pessimistic myself. For the peace there sketched out is simply the very nearest to a Prussian triumph that even Prussia can for the moment expect. At the same time, a number of respectable names, such as those of Dr. Horton and Mr. J. A. Hobson, are found in support of some such patchwork arrangement. The question of an inconclusive peace, which shall leave an unrepentant Prussia at the head of an undefeated German race, is now for the first time seriously brought before us. I would ask the reader to regard it in the light of the following considerations.

We must first dismiss from our minds altogether a very current notion of making a treaty with the men of Germany. We might as well talk about making a treaty with the horses of Germany. We are dealing with the ambitious and audacious Prussian Monarchy, which has pursued one policy for two centuries. Why the large, blond, bulky, handsome cart-horse of Germany allows itself to be ridden by this beggar on horseback—or rather, burglar on horseback—we do not know. But we do know that its subordination is subordination and nothing else: that it is no case of one nation being deputed to represent a race. We do know, for a fact, that Germany no more dreams of directing Prussia than a horse rides on a man. It is not merely that the King of Prussia does not definitely claim to represent the Germans. The King of Prussia definitely refused to represent the Germans. And he refused upon the positive ground that he did not want to represent them because he did want to rule them. Some time before 1870 the Germans as such, still free and sitting in council, actually offered the imperial crown to a Hohenzollern; and the Hohenzollern refused it, wholly and solely because it had been freely offered. The Hohenzollerns would only consent to rule Saxony and Bavaria as directly and despotically as they have ruled Poland and Alsace. And they do. The next fact is that the nearest approach we can make to guessing at the ground of the general German obedience is this: The Germans believe that the Prussians, who have conquered them, can conquer anybody. They have no fear of external danger for the same reason that they have no hope of internal revolt. We cannot rescue the German from the Prussian until we can rescue him from the fear of the Prussian. In other words, we are at war with a legend—or, to put it even more correctly, a spell. Now, it is characteristic of all such spells that they cling on as long as there is any sort of doubt; and half-defeats of them are no defeats at all. If we made peace in the manner now proposed, even our victory would be considered as a passing cloud, like Jena, to be followed by fated victories like Leipzig. The Prussian would remain a superman—that is, a superstition. With such superstitions, if we honestly think them evil and intolerable, there is only one thing that we can do. We must do the impossible. We must quench the unquenchable lamp, kill the immortal man, speak the unspeakable word, and conquer the unconquerable army. Prussia rules with a rod of iron because it is also a magic wand; and the only way to break the spell is to break the rod. I would not approve such final profanation in the temple of any god but a devil; but I think that the Prussian superman, with his higher morality, is a devil. I thought so when it was the almost universal English custom to praise him. Events since have not decreased the number of those who agree with me.

The third fact to be firmly grasped also refers to the original Prussian plan. The Prussian holds himself, and is held by the German, superior to the whole world. What we call his crimes he calls his "culture-conquests." We do not do as he does because we are not pure enough to break promises, or heroic enough to shoot women. Being ignorant of religion, he regards Russia as barbaric. Being ignorant of civilisation, he regards France as decadent. There is no exception to his ignorance and disdain; but there is one half-exception. To France and Russia he regards himself as heir by default: there is only one country to which he really condescended to be heir by conquest. The recipient of his clumsy compliment, I am ashamed to say, was England. It is difficult for us who are dealing with realities, and struggling with the muddle and snobbery of our own system, to understand how this could be so; but it was. It was part of his whole lumbering Teutonic theory. England was the country which really disputed the world with him. England is the country he will hate and hit, if he is allowed to rally and return to the attack. And he will not rest till she is dead.

[Copyrighted in the U.S.A. by the "New York American."]

THE KING'S VISIT TO FRANCE: HIS MAJESTY AND THE PRINCE OF WALES GREETED BY PRESIDENT POINCARE AND GENERAL JOFFRE A DAY OR TWO BEFORE THE KING'S ACCIDENT.

His Majesty arrived in France on October 21, and after spending a few days in visiting various base depôts and hospitals, he went on and met President Poincaré, who conferred on the Prince of Wales the Croix de Guerre. The next day (October 26) the King and the Prince again met the President, who was this time accompanied by General Joffre; and together they reviewed the French Second Colonial Corps near Amiens. In the centre of the photograph General Joffre is seen shaking hands with the Prince of Wales. Between and beyond them is M. Poincaré, talking to his Majesty.

Photograph by S. & A.

THE KING WITH HIS SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT:

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS FROM GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

THE KING INSPECTING TROOPS OF THE SECOND CORPS: A COLUMN (WITH "EYES RIGHT") MARCHING PAST HIS MAJESTY AT THE

LEADERS OF OVERSEA TROOPS FACE TO FACE WITH THEIR KING: HIS MAJESTY SPEAKING TO CANADIAN GENERAL OFFICERS.

AT THE REVIEW

The King returned to London from the front on November 1 not seriously the worse, fortunately, for the accident that might have had grave consequences. The bulletin issued in the evening stated that, "although much fatigued by the journey, his Majesty's condition is satisfactory"; and that issued the next day said: "The improvement in the condition of the King continues, and his Majesty has had a better night." Elsewhere in this Number is a double-page of photographs illustrating mainly the King's visit to the French armies, and his meetings with President Poincaré and General Joffre, together with a short general account of his doings at the front. Here we give photographs showing his Majesty with his own soldiers, for whom his presence among them was so highly appreciated. After the French review near Amiens on October 26, the King that afternoon visited several batteries of British artillery, and even an

HIS MAJESTY IN THE FIELD—BEFORE HIS ACCIDENT.

Crown Copyright Reserved. Supplied by I.N.A.

SALUTING-POINT.

THE KING'S CAR APPROACHES: HIS MAJESTY MOTORING ALONG A ROAD LINED ON EITHER SIDE WITH CHEERING TROOPS.

OF CANADIANS: A HIGHLAND PIPERS' BAND PASSING THE KING (ON HORSEBACK UNDER THE TREES IN THE BACKGROUND).

observation-post, under actual war-conditions. The next day was spent with the Second Army, and two reviews were held; one, in the morning, of some newly arrived units of the Canadian Corps; and the other, in the afternoon, of a mixed brigade consisting of detachments from other divisions of the Second Army. The review took place in a great meadow, along two sides of which ran a poplar-lined road. Grouped near the saluting-point were the divisional Generals and Brigadiers, and with his Majesty were the Prince of Wales and General Plumer. Many of the men who marched past had only left the trenches overnight, but, nevertheless, their march discipline was remarkably fine, and the spacing and alignment were as precise as on a parade ground. After the march past the men doubled out of the meadow and lined the road along which the King was to drive. His car passed between a lane of troops cheering and waving their caps.

THE BURNING OF A VILLAGE: STAGES OF THE DESTRUCTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.

THE FIRST STAGE: THE BURSTING OF THE FIRST RANGE-FINDING SHELL, AIMED TOWARDS THE VILLAGE CHURCH, THE CHIEF LAND-MARK.

THE SECOND STAGE: THE RANGE HAVING BEEN ASCERTAINED, INCENDIARY PROJECTILES BEGIN TO DROP ON THE VILLAGE IN MANY PLACES.

THE THIRD STAGE: THE INCENDIARY BOMBS ARE DOING THEIR WORK, AND THE HOUSES ARE BEING SET ON FIRE EVERYWHERE.

THE FOURTH STAGE: THE SPREADING OF THE FLAMES FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE RENDERS THE WHOLE PLACE UNTENABLE AND THE SCARED INHABITANTS FLEE.

THE FIFTH STAGE: THE END HAS COME—THE DOOMED VILLAGE IN RUINS, A MASS OF RAGING FLAMES AND ROLLING SMOKE FROM END TO END.

The destruction of peaceful villages is one of the saddest and most appealing of the grim spectacles of war. It is often a necessary military operation for one side or the other, and usually falls to the artillery to perform, the object being to deprive opponents of cover, or to search out from a distance a suspicious neighbourhood. Our illustrations show the stages of the bombardment as they usually take place. First in this case, as in many, unfortunately—the village church, as being the most prominent land-mark, is picked out by the assailants' artillery to get the range, and shells are aimed at it as a preliminary, and burst near by. The trial shots successful, the guns open fire generally, directing incendiary shells, first, on the larger dwellings towards the side from which the wind is blowing, to make the fire spread quickly. Shells then rain on the ill-fated place like hail, plumped down everywhere, crashing through the roofs of the houses and before long setting the whole village ablaze from end to end. We see above the whole process as it develops, and as the watching gunners mark the attainment of their object; while the wretched inhabitants, panic-stricken, have to make their escape as best they can manage, carrying away on their horses and carts or on their own shoulders what little of their home belongings there is time to save.

TSAR AND TSAREVITCH AT THE FRONT: AMONG THE COSSACKS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.

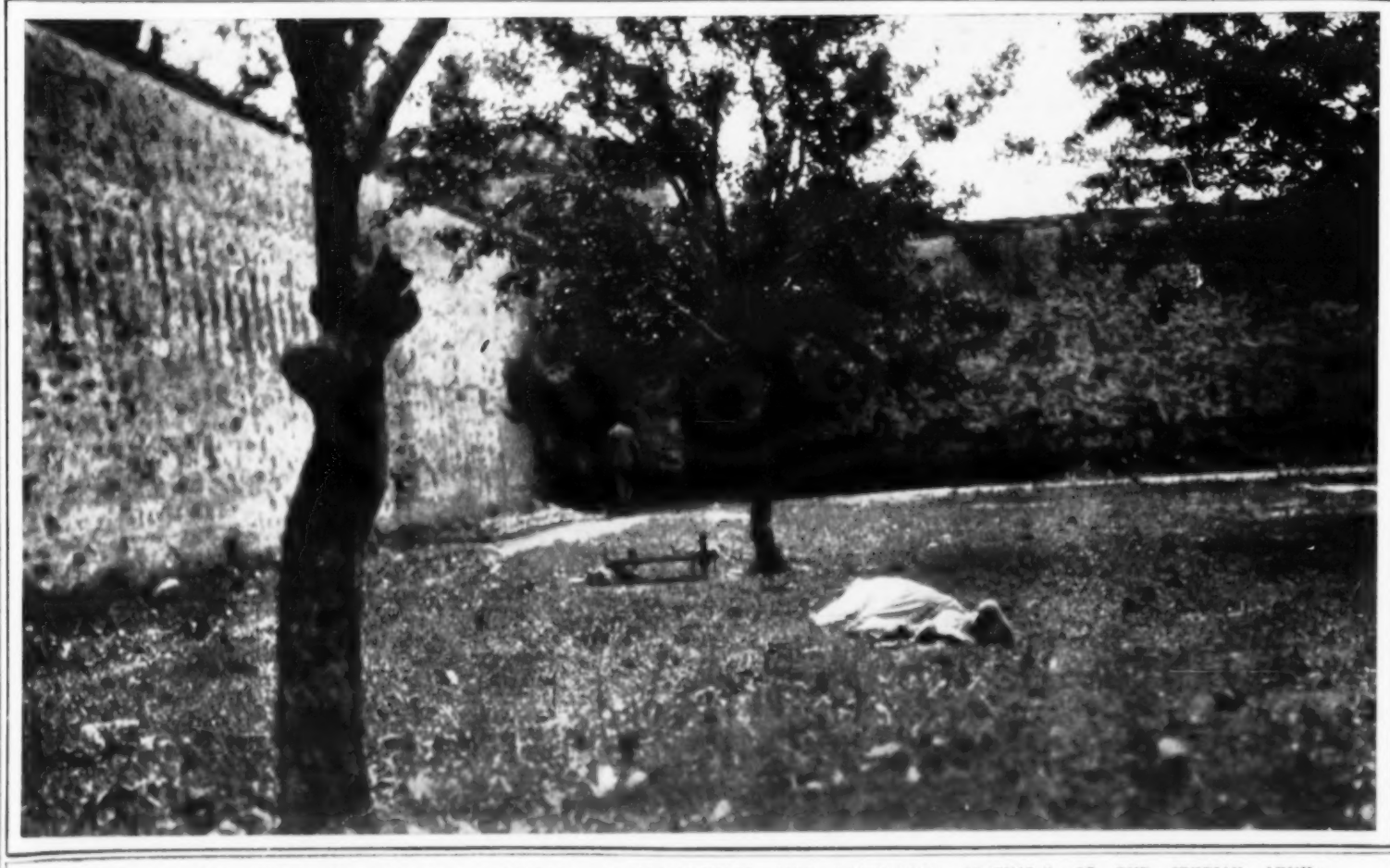
UNDER THE EYE OF THEIR "LITTLE FATHER" AND THEIR HETMAN: COSSACKS FROM THE CAUCASUS REVIEWED BY THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AND THE TSAREVITCH.

THE HEAD OF THE ORTHODOX CHURCH AT A FIELD SERVICE: THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AND HIS SON ATTEND A RELIGIOUS CEREMONY HELD IN A WOOD.

The Emperor of Russia's public announcements on assuming command of his land and sea forces showed the deep religious and patriotic spirit which animates him. "My duty to my country," he wrote to the Grand Duke Nicholas, "which has been entrusted to me by God, impels me to-day to take the supreme command of the active forces and to share with my Army the fatigues of war." His Majesty is no stranger to military life. He once entered a regiment of riflemen as "Private Nicholas Romanoff," and went through all the duties of a common soldier. In the present war he lives a life of hard work and simple habits at Headquarters, and goes about among his men without formality. He occupies a small house, is a very early riser, and devotes himself assiduously to his duties. Accompanied by his son, the young Tsarevitch, now quite restored to health, the Emperor recently went to the Southern front, and was welcomed by the troops with indescribable enthusiasm. Apropos of these photographs, it may be recalled that the Emperor is Head of the Orthodox Church, and is familiarly known as the "Little Father" of his people; while the Tsarevitch holds the title of Hetman of all the Cossacks.

AT SALONIKA AND KRAJUGEVATZ: THE "SERBIAN ZONE"; AND A SPY.

THE "SERBIAN ZONE" AT SALONIKA: WHERE THE ALLIED TROOPS TO HELP SERBIA WERE SET ASHORE—SHOWING THE QUAY AND STRIP OF ADJOINING LAND OWNED BY SERBIA UNDER TREATY.



AN ENEMY SPY WHOM THE SERBIANS CAPTURED AT KRAJUGEVATZ, THE "WOOLWICH ARSENAL" OF THE SERBIAN ARMY: AFTER THE FIRING-PARTY HAD DONE ITS DUTY.

The quay at Salonika at which the French and British contingents to form the army of succour to Serbia have been making their landings is the national property of Serbia by treaty, as is an area of ground adjacent to the quay shown in the upper photograph, and known as the "Serbian zone." The Serbian zone has been utilised hitherto for commercial warehouses and offices, owned by Belgrade and other Serbian firms, and for depositing the cargoes of shipping until opportunity came for their being laden on the railway to Uskub and Nish. Since the first of the Allied transports arrived, early in October, all on reaching Salonika have put the troops, with their stores, artillery, and ammunition, ashore at the quay, whence the troops and guns marched a short distance to the camps provided for them in the neighbourhood.——The well-deserved death by shooting of an Austro-German spy caught, it would appear *in flagrante delicto*, by the Serbians at the Arsenal of Krajugevatz, and summarily tried and executed near the place of his capture, is recorded in the second illustration. At Krajugevatz, a town with 19,000 inhabitants, nearly midway between Belgrade and Nish, and some sixty or seventy miles from either place, the Serbian Army has had its war-arsenal and munitions factories. A late telegram states that the Germans have occupied Krajugevatz.

BATHING LUXURIES AT THE FRONT! A FRENCH SOLDIER'S DOUCHE.

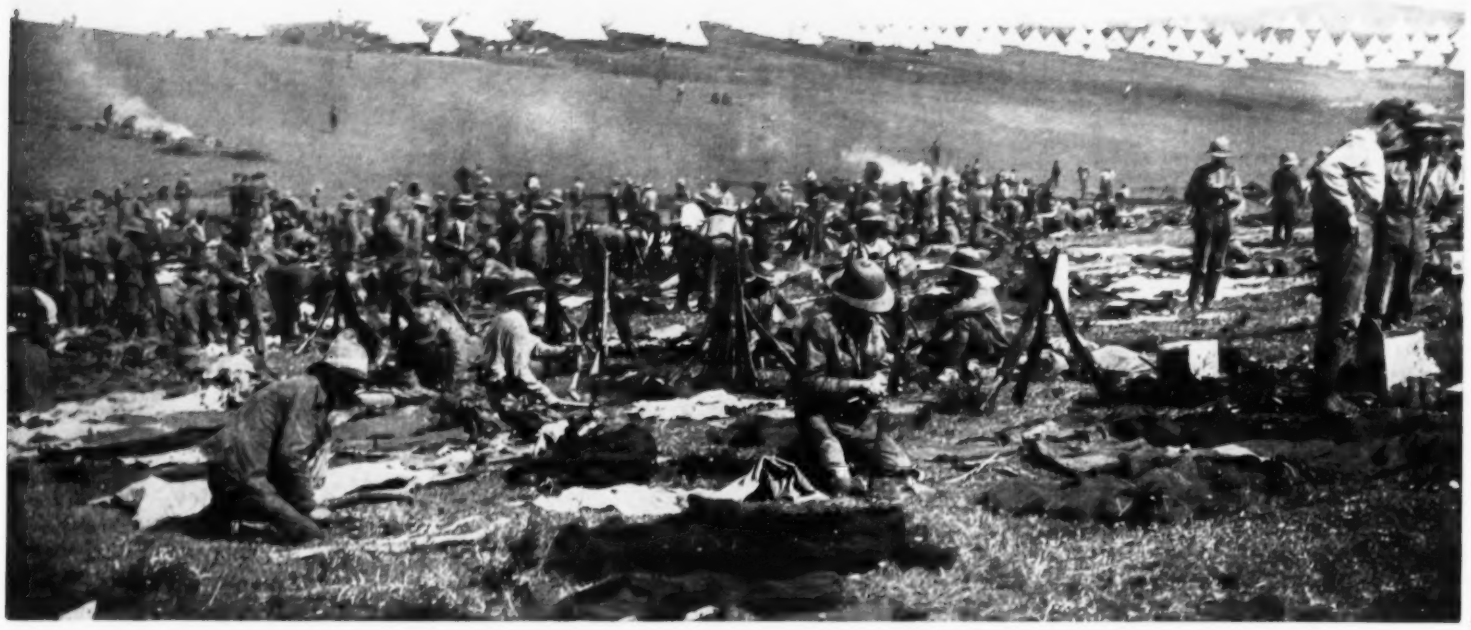
PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY: SUPPLIED BY NEWSPAPER ILLUS.

AS INGENIOUSLY CONTRIVED AS ONE OF THE CARICATURE MACHINES IN HEATH ROBINSON'S DRAWINGS! A SHOWER-BATH FOR FRENCH SOLDIERS WORKED BY A WATER-WHEEL IN A LITTLE STREAM NEAR THE FIRING-LINE.

We have on several occasions illustrated the bathing facilities provided for soldiers at the front both by the French and British Armies and the German Army. Nothing hitherto has been shown, however, quite so ingenious and intriguing as this improvised shower-bath for French soldiers, which suggests, in appearance, one of those fearful and wonderful pieces of imaginary mechanism which Mr. Heath Robinson has made familiar in many of his well-known comic cartoons in the "Sketch." The principle on which the shower-bath works is simple and obvious. The stream turns the water-wheel, and the latter causes the larger wheel behind to revolve, by means of an endless cord. To the perimeter of the larger wheel are attached a number of cups, which, as it revolves, are dipped into the stream and filled with water. As they come round to the top of the wheel again, they are tilted against a bucket, into which they empty their contents. From the bucket the water is led by a pipe to the rose above the bather's head.

"PRECURSORS OF A LARGE FORCE": BRITISH TROOPS AT SALONIKA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



AFTER THEIR FOUR-MILE MARCH FROM THE "SERBIAN ZONE" LANDING-PLACE AT SALONIKA TO CAMP: THE BRITISH FORCE RESTING ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT LEMBED.

LAYING OUT THEIR CAMP AT LEMBED: BRITISH SOLDIERS MAKING A PATHWAY IN ANTICIPATION OF WET WEATHER, AFTER LANDING AT SALONIKA.

Immediately after the landing at Salonika, which took place at a section of the quay reserved by treaty exclusively for the use of Serbia, and known as "the Serbian zone," the British and French troops marched off to the camps prepared for them respectively at Lembed and Zeitinlik, a distance of some four miles from the port. Many comments were made on the fine bearing and equipment of the troops. An interesting statement about the expedition to Salonika was made the other day by Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords. "Serbia," he said, "made a direct appeal to us for help. . . . M. Venizelos was still in power, and it was at his instance that we undertook to provide a force for the purpose of enabling Greece to fulfil her treaty obligations to Serbia. It was in compliance with that two-fold appeal that we sent such troops as were available to Salonika. . . . At the same time, a larger force was prepared for service in South-Eastern Europe, and transport was taken up for the purpose of conveying it. . . . The small force which was sent to Salonika—I think, 13,000 in round numbers—was regarded as the precursor of a large force which was put under orders at the same time."

DEFENDING SERBIA'S EXISTENCE: MEN OF A HEROIC PEASANT ARMY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL NEWS.

FIGHTING FOR THEIR COUNTRY'S VERY LIFE, AND HOLDING THE PASS IN THE NEAR EAST FOR THE ALLIES: TYPICAL SERBIAN SOLDIERS.

The Serbians are making a splendid fight for national existence against the Austro-German and Bulgarian invaders, and they have long held the pass, so to speak, through which the enemy hopes to reach Constantinople and join with the Turks. The Serbian Army is composed of sturdy peasants inured through years of warfare to hardship and privation. They are men of iron, who fight magnificently on the scantiest fare, and they resemble Irishmen in their happy-go-lucky disposition. Their uniform is grey or khaki, with a service cap like a tailless Glengarry, worn at a jaunty angle; and laced boots without heels like moccasins. The Serbian Premier, M. Pashitch, said in his recent appeal to this country: "Serbia is making superhuman efforts to defend her existence, in response to the advice and the desire of her great Ally. . . . For twenty days our common enemies have tried to annihilate us. In spite of the heroism of our soldiers, our resistance cannot be expected to be maintained indefinitely."

REMARKABLE BATTLEFIELD PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE NEAR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

1. SERBIANS RESISTING THE INVADER NEAR BELGRADE: A FIRST-LINE TRENCH (ON THE RIDGE OF THE HILL IN THE FOREGROUND).

3. THE SERBIAN FIRING-LINE: MEN OF THE FIRST LINE IN ACTION, SUPPORTED BY MACHINE-GUNS—ON THE LEFT AN OFFICER CALLING UP THE SECOND LINE.

These remarkably vivid photographs showing Serbian troops in action during recent fighting were taken near Belgrade. It may be recalled that the evacuation of their capital by the Serbians was announced in the following official *communiqué* from Nish on October 12: "Our troops have abandoned the defence of Belgrade and have retired on the first advanced positions adjoining the city, in order to prevent the enemy from continuing to bombard the town with heavy guns. . . . During the night of October 7 and 8 . . . in the direction of Belgrade the enemy opened an extremely violent fire along the whole front. . . . During the fighting before Belgrade on the 8th our artillery sank an enemy gunboat." Since that time the Serbian troops have continued to offer a most stubborn resistance to the Austro-German invaders, as to the Bulgarians on another part of their front. In an official Serbian *communiqué*

EAST: SERBIAN TROOPS IN ACTION NEAR BELGRADE.

IN SERBIA, MR. DONALD C. THOMPSON.

2. SERBIAN INFANTRY UNDER FIRE: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING BATTLE—SHOWING A MAN FALLING AND SERBIAN RED CROSS MEN PICKING UP WOUNDED.

4. MEN WHO ARE MAKING SUPERHUMAN EFFORTS TO DEFEND THEIR NATIONAL EXISTENCE: SERBIAN TROOPS ADVANCING TO POSITION NEAR BELGRADE.

published in London on November 1, it was stated that, during the few days preceding that date, "the troops who had been defending Belgrade repulsed all hostile attacks." That the Serbians were hard-pressed, however, despite their splendid stand against superior numbers, was evident from the appeal recently made to this country by the Serbian Premier, M. Pashitch. "Serbia," he said in his telegram, "is making superhuman efforts to defend her existence, in response to the advice and the desire of her great Ally. For this she is condemned to death by the Austro-Germans and Bulgarians. For twenty days our common enemies have tried to annihilate us. In spite of the heroism of our soldiers, our resistance cannot be expected to be maintained indefinitely." Notwithstanding the severity of the struggle, the Serbians have not lost heart, and recent reports state that the *moral* and spirit of the troops remain excellent.

SERBIA IN THE DAY OF BATTLE: A REMARKABLE

PHOTOGRAPH BY DONALD C. THOMPSON.

THE SERBIAN FIRST LINE ADVANCING—MEN PRESSING ON; SOME FALLING; SOME FALLEN:

The Serbian soldier is fighting, as everyone who knew him expected him to fight, magnificently. King Peter's army, as a correspondent of the "Times" had it recently, is a peasant army. "The Serbian soldier . . . has become inured to a life of extreme privation; and in the fighting of last winter it was his toughness and ability to stand hardship which more than anything else gave him advantage over the Austrians. . . . Only men of iron, to whom semi-starvation had become almost the normal condition of their existence, could have done what the Serbians did then. . . . The Serbian's laughter-loving disposition has remained unspoiled. . . . At the smallest excuse 'Dobra' follows. Everything is 'good.' . . . You

PHOTOGRAPH OF OUR BALKAN ALLY IN THE FIELD.

OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN SERBIA.

INFANTRY OF KING PETER'S SPLENDID ARMY FIGHTING FOR THE EXISTENCE OF THEIR COUNTRY.

"tell the unwounded man that the Germans are coming, outnumbering the Serbian armies by three to one, to wipe Serbia and the Serbians off the map, and he laughs a care-free laugh, and his eyes twinkle as he tells you 'Dobra.' . . . It is impossible to think of the Serbian man exc pt as a soldier; and that is the chief weakness of Serbia's military position to-day. She has no reserves. Her entire fighting strength, almost her manhood strength, is already in the ranks. Only in Nish, in connection with the Government offices, does one see any number of males of military age who are not in uniform, grey or khaki."

The Balkan Puzzle: Roumania and the Allies.

BY DR. E. J. DILLON.

ROUMANIA as a factor in international politics accessible to legitimate influences can hardly be said to exist. There is, indeed, a body of healthy opinion and sentiment there which is that of a large section of the articulate nation, led by Take Jonescu and Filipescu; but, banished to the pages of certain Press organs, it is devoid of influence on the attitude of the Government. Roumania, like Bulgaria, has many voices, but only one will, illumined by a single average brain, which belongs to the Premier, Bratianu. That statesman, like the steward of the Gospel, seems resolved, come what may, to lose none of the talents confided to his care. Others may risk theirs in the hope of increasing the amount, but he will run no dangers. The route over which he will navigate the ship of State must be absolutely free from shoals and rocks, and the weather uninterruptedly calm. With a leader of these ideas it seems wasteful to have recourse to argument or suasion.

Roumania's interest, were that a determining factor of her policy, points clearly enough in the direction to be taken. Some four million Roumanians vegetate and languish in Hungary, where every expedient, legal and illegal, has been systematically employed to choke out their national sentiment. And seven millions all told are expected to be incorporated after the war. Hungary is now too hard pressed by the Entente Powers to keep a tight grasp on Transylvania, one of the unredeemed Roumanian provinces—and the Bucharest Government might have annexed the territory long ago. The favourite moment for the move was when Russia's armies occupied the Carpathian passes and looked down threateningly on the plains of Hungary. Roumania's troops, had they then been mobilised and led into the promised land, would have formed the left wing of the Russian Army and ensured victory to both. But M. Bratianu spent his efforts just then in haggling with Russia, Serbia, and the Western Allies over future claims and aspirations, and as the two Slav States felt sure of a sweeping victory, and eager to keep the lion's share of the spoils to themselves, the dispute waxed hot, and M. Bratianu decided to watch and wait.

His foreign friends and acquaintances, and some of his fellow-countrymen, were shocked by this indifference to the lapse of a rare national opportunity. Their surprise was all the more natural that his colleagues and himself had many times declared that Roumania was in sympathy with the Allies, and would lend a hand in the combined effort to assert the rights of the lesser nations once the army was prepared.

The second phase of this shilly-shallying movement was linked to Italy's policy. "We too are Latins, chips of the genial old block," exclaimed Roumanians of mark and influence; "and we will keep abreast of our sister Italy. When she unsheaths the sword she will find Roumania by her side." This promise was uttered by many voices in various keys to foreigners of note—Ministers and others. And Italy treasured up the assurance with pleasure. But Italy's declaration of war against Austria found Roumania preoccupied and pacific. The reasons which actuated M. Bratianu—for he is the Cabinet and Roumania—were many and convincing. The country was indeed prepared, but the situation was no longer auspicious. Russia had been driven from the Carpathians, from Galicia and Bukovina; and if Roumania were to take up arms under those conditions her territory might be overrun by Bulgars, Austrians, Magyars, and Greeks. Besides, she had had no encouragement from the two Slav belligerents.

Russia and Serbia at last gave way, it is alleged, and acquiesced in Roumania's demands in the Banat and Bukovina. But M. Bratianu could only take cognisance of the tardy concession and bide his time. So long as Russia remained on the wrong side of Bukovina, he argued, nothing could be attempted by the Roumanians, who need the support of the Tsar's armies on their right.

The late King Carol was a Hohenzollern, but a straightforward, loyal man. Dealing with him, one knew exactly what to expect. What he said he meant, and what he promised he fulfilled. Like Ferdinand of Coburg, he too struck up an agreement with Austria, which was renewed shortly before his death. And he told me that so long as he continued to reign his policy towards the Central Empires would undergo no change. About King Carol there was no indecision, no shuffling, no prevarication. Only to *force majeure* would he yield.

On the outbreak of war his people refused to follow him in a campaign against Russia, Britain, and France, for reasons analogous to those which Italy alleged. And he had to resign himself to the inevitable. But he told me that, come what might, he would never retrocede to Bulgaria the strip of the Dobrudja annexed after the Balkan Wars. Neither did he ever relinquish his hope of getting back Bessarabia from Russia. He regarded the extension of Russia's dominions on the Black Sea as a danger to Roumania, and for that, among other reasons, he ardently desired the victory of the Central Empires. But he misled no one. King Carol was a whole man with a rounded plan of action and a firm will to realise it. So long as he stood for Roumania one knew what to expect from that State.

Roumania demands and expects at the close of this war an addition of territory which will bring her no fewer than seven million new subjects. And M. Bratianu hopes it will drop into her lap without an effort on her part, as a result of certain magic formulas uttered by himself. His policy during the present world-crisis is that of a self-complacent simplicist. Roumania must keep on neighbourly terms with all belligerents, assuring each of her friendly neutrality.

M. Bratianu's plan would have been satisfactory if the statesmen he was dealing with were also simplicists like himself, but of an altruistic type. As things are, Roumania—or say, rather, M. Bratianu—will persevere in the present attitude of Buddhistic quiescence until driven out of it by a violent shock. For the Premier is as much the master of the internal situation as was Giolotti in Italy and Ferdinand in Bulgaria. The Parliament—his own creature—is at his beck and call. The one Roumanian public man who is also one of the very few European statesmen of to-day—Take Jonescu—is relegated to the inactivity of unofficial life. Yet it was he who foresaw most clearly and endeavoured most strenuously to prevent the world-catastrophe of 1914. And he it is who could pilot the Roumanian State ship through the tempestuous seas of the present crisis. At the Conference of Bucharest, Take Jonescu, with whom I then spent most of my days, foretold Bulgaria's rancour, and moved every lever to induce Greece and Serbia to moderate their demands. And when King Constantine refused to give up Cavalla, M. Jonescu declared that the Treaty of Bucharest would not keep Eastern Europe in peace for longer than twelve or eighteen months. If that statesman had been at the head of Roumania in August 1914, the progress of the war would have run on very different lines.

LEADER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY IN ROUMANIA, AND EX-MINISTER OF WAR: M. NICU FILIPESCU.

"There is, indeed" (to quote Dr. Dillon's article on this page) "a body of healthy opinion and sentiment there [*i.e.*, in Roumania] which is that of a large section of the articulate nation, led by Take Jonescu and Filipescu; but, banished to the pages of certain Press organs, it is devoid of influence on the attitude of the Government." Both these statesmen favour the cause of the Allies.—[*Photograph by Fotoglob.*]

"HE IS THE CABINET AND ROUMANIA": M. T. T. C. BRATIANU, ROUMANIAN PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL AND MINISTER OF WAR.

"Roumania, like Bulgaria, has many voices, but only one will, illumined by a single average brain, which belongs to the President, Bratianu. . . . He is the Cabinet and Roumania. . . . As things are, Roumania—or, say, rather, M. Bratianu—will persevere in the present attitude of Buddhistic quiescence until driven out of it by a violent shock. For the Premier is as much the master of the internal situation as was Giolitti in Italy and Ferdinand in Bulgaria. The Parliament—his own creature—is at his beck and call."

Photograph by Juliette.

"THE ONE ROUMANIAN PUBLIC MAN WHO IS ALSO ONE OF THE VERY FEW EUROPEAN STATESMEN OF TO-DAY: M. TAKE JONESCU.

"The one Roumanian public man," says Dr. Dillon, "who is also one of the very few European statesmen of to-day—Take Jonescu—is relegated to the inactivity of unofficial life. Yet it was he who foresaw most clearly and endeavoured most strenuously to prevent the world-catastrophe of 1914. And he it is who could pilot the Roumanian State ship through the tempestuous seas of the present crisis." M. Take Jonescu is the leader of the Conservative Democrat party, and favours the Allies. He visited London in 1913 on a diplomatic mission.

Photograph by Juliette.

THE BALKAN PUZZLE: ROUMANIA—DEMONSTRATIONS, AND ROYALTY.

ALL THREE IN UNIFORM: KING FERDINAND OF ROUMANIA, QUEEN MARIE, AND THEIR SECOND SON, PRINCE NICHOLAS.

ON HIS CHARGER: PRINCE NICHOLAS, SECOND SON OF THE KING.

AN EVENT OF ALMOST DAILY OCCURRENCE: A DEMONSTRATION IN BUCHAREST, THE ROUMANIAN CAPITAL, IN FAVOUR OF ENTERING THE WAR ON THE SIDE OF THE ENTENTE POWERS.

ON HER CHARGER: QUEEN MARIE OF ROUMANIA, DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA.

WHEN FLOWERS WERE THROWN FROM THE BALCONIES: ROUMANIANS AND ITALIANS AT A PRO-ENTENTE-POWERS DEMONSTRATION BEFORE THE ITALIAN EMBASSY IN BUCHAREST.

At the moment of writing, interest in Roumania's attitude with regard to the Entente Powers, on the one hand, and the Central Powers on the other, is at a considerable height. Opinions on the subject have necessarily varied very much. Dr. E. J. Dillon writes of Roumania on the opposite page. Here we may quote a line or two from Mr. Garvin, dealing with the Balkan question, in the "Observer" of the other day: "To win Roumania would settle everything in favour of the Allies. It is said, although not officially confirmed, that bold steps are at last being taken at Bucharest. Roumania's claims would be satisfied to the fullest extent. She would get Bessarabia, the Bukovina, the whole of Transylvania, and enough of the Banat to make her future frontier march for a long distance with that of Greater Serbia. With these extensions and the economic facilities which the Allies would also ensure, Greater Roumania would become a kingdom of nearly fourteen million people, and would stand at the very head of the secondary Powers in Europe." King Ferdinand succeeded his uncle, the late King Charles. In 1893 he married Princess Marie, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

TRIBUTE TO THE BRITISH NURSE "EXECUTED" BY THE GER

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR

"WE GIVE THEE HEARTY THANKS, FOR THAT IT HATH PLEASED THEE TO DE

The simple dignity of the Memorial Service held in St. Paul's on October 29, for Miss Edith Cavell, the brave nurse who was sentenced to death in Brussels by German court-martial, and "executed" on October 12, was, before all else, a great tribute paid by woman to heroic womanhood. The Cathedral was crowded some hours before the service commenced, Queen Alexandra, who is so much in sympathy with the work of nursing as carried out by women, being, as it were, at the head of the great gathering of mourners. The King and Queen were represented by Mr. E. W. Wallington, Groom-in-Waiting to the King and Private Secretary to the Queen; and the Prime Minister and many other notable personages were present. Nurses without number paid the last tribute to one of the bravest members of their merciful calling.

ERMANS IN BRUSSELS: THE EDITH CAVELL MEMORIAL SERVICE.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ST. PAUL'S.

DELIVER THY SERVANT, EDITH, OUT OF THE MISERIES OF THIS SINFUL WORLD."

The service began with the hymn "Abide with Me." The special prayer read: "Almighty God, with Whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with Whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity: We give Thee hea thanks, for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver Thy servant, Edith, out of the miseries of this sinful world; beseeching Thee, that it may please Thee, of Thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of Thine elect, and to hasten Thy kingdom; that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith of Thy holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thine eternal and everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord."—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.

REPUTED AUTHOR OF FIVE HUNDRED WORKS: GEBER, THE ARABIAN ALCHEMIST.

PUNISHING THE REBELS: THE EGYPTIANS' BOOKS ON CHEMISTRY BURNT BY ORDER OF DIOCLETIAN.

AUTHOR OF AN ENCYCLOPAEDIC TREATISE ON MEDICINE: RHAZES, THE ARABIAN PHYSICIAN.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

FROM AIRCRAFT TO EARTH.

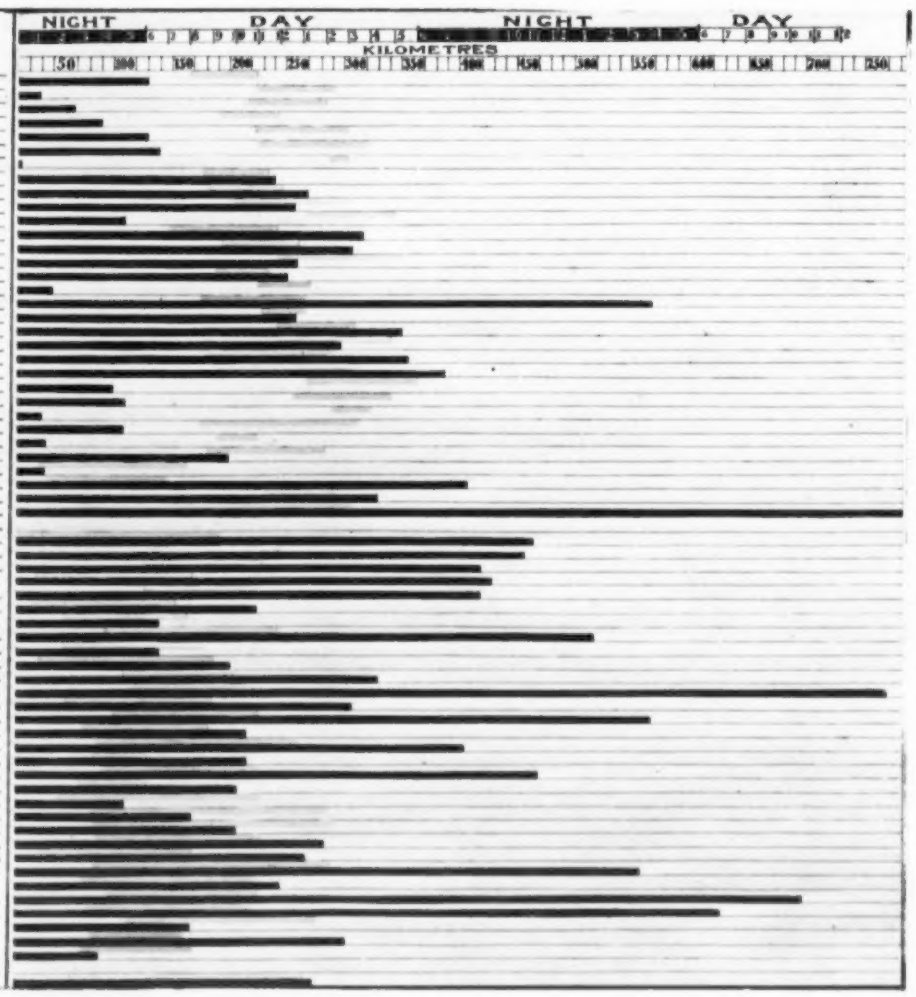
NO one needs to be told at this time of day of the immense importance that aircraft have assumed in war. Apart from such side exhibitions of their activity as the bombardment from the air of fortified—and unfortified—places, they have entirely revolutionised the science of tactics by the efficiency with which they have discharged the duties of reconnaissance, scouting, and the observation of artillery fire. Curiously enough, too, their employment in these duties is almost the only novelty in the art of war which has ever led to the lessening of the drain on human life it involves. It is no longer necessary, as it once was, to send forward a mixed column of all arms against a position with the intention, not of capturing it, but of ascertaining if it were strongly held. Nor is it now necessary to maintain the "screen" of cavalry of which we used to hear so much, which was to sweep through the enemy's country ahead of the main body, and constantly to detach horsemen to gallop back with news of the strength and disposition of the opposing forces. All these duties are now far better discharged by aircraft, which can hover or rush over the points to be observed, and transmit the information gained to their own side by mechanical means with hardly any risk to life or limb. As for artillery fire, we all now know that the range and target can be picked up by the well-concealed gunners from the signals sent them by aircraft with hardly any chance of damage to themselves except in the event of the enemy's guns finding them out. Only one or two men are exposed in each flying-machine instead of the hundreds and thousands often intentionally sacrificed under the old system; and so far aviation has done something to diminish the waste of war.

Step by step with their increase of value in war, however, the importance of a speedy and certain means of communication between aircraft and the earth has become more insistent. One is inclined to smile when one thinks that, when aircraft were first used for military purposes, the General despatching them had to wait for their return to earth before receiving the information they had collected. Then came the device employed up to a year ago of the aeronaut casting overboard despatches attached to a weight and bearing a written entreaty to the finder to send them to headquarters without delay. All such cumbrous methods have long since been abandoned, and the observer, whether in air-ship or aeroplane, communicates with his General directly and immediately by means of the Hertzian waves. Nearly every war-plane, with the exception of the very swift and small monoplanes intended for special services, is nowadays equipped with apparatus for wireless telegraphy; while Zeppelins and other air-ships have similar installations on a scale as elaborate as any used on *terra firma*. The different means adopted for receiving and recording the messages thus sent have been enormously improved since the war began, and it is hoped shortly to describe some of them in this column. Yet such improvements have by no means reached their climax. Wireless telephony has kept pace with the sister art of telegraphy, and may before long entirely supersede it for military purposes. At the time of writing, the news has just arrived that telephonic messages from America have been received at the Eiffel Tower; and the length of range, the security against "jamming," or the sending of confusing messages by the enemy, and the speed and security of this means of communication, will doubtless result in its being adopted for war if found practicable.

The giving of written or verbal reports, also, is not the only service which we now demand of our military aviators. Photography of the scenes passed over by aircraft has been employed ever since Nadar first showed, in 1858, its use in war. Exactly fifty years later, Wilbur Wright took the first photograph ever taken in a biplane, above the camp at Auvours, and since then the improvements have been rapid. The capture of a Zeppelin at Radonvillers in August of last year put at the disposal of our sharp-witted French Allies the photographic apparatus employed by the enemy, the main feature of which was the comparatively short focus of the camera. Since then they have perfected their system, and have even found means of overcoming the effect of the vibration caused by the motor. These cannot yet be made public, but it may be said that in light winds they make photography on captive balloons of great use, and that even in gales they make a kite available for the same purpose. In both these cases also no risk of life whatever is involved, as by the use of an automatic release the camera works without an operator. F. L.

Number.	Date of Ascension.	Names of Balloons.	Pilot.	Cubic Metres.	Passengers.	Pigeons.	Kilos	Direction of Wind.	Remarks.
1	23 Sept.	Neptune	Jules Duruof	1200	—	—	125	O	
2	25 "	Ville de Florence	Gabriel Mangin	1400	1	3	150	O	
3	29 "	Les États Unis	Louis Godard	1340	1	4	75	SO	Two Coupled Balloons
4	30 "	Le Céleste	Gaston Tissandier	700	—	3	100	O	Pilot Injured
5	7 Oct.	Armand Barbes	Trichet	1200	2	16	100	S	Gambetta Injured
6	7 "	George Sand	Revilliod	1200	3	18	—	SSO	
7	9 "		Racine	1500	2	—	—	S	
8	12 "	Washington	A. Bertaux	2045	2	25	300	SSW	Pilot Injured
9	12 "	Louis Blanc	Farcot	1200	1	8	425	SSW	
10	14 "	Godefroy Cavaignac	Godard père	2045	3	6	300	W	Passenger Injured
11	14 "	Cristoph Colomb	A. Tissandier	2045	2	10	300	WSW	
12	16 "	Jules Favre No. 1	Petit L. Godard	2000	3	6	300	SW	
13	16 "	Jean Bart	Labadie	2045	2	4	300	SW	
14	18 "	Victor Hugo	Nadal	1200	—	6	440	SW	
15	19 "	Le Lafayette	Jossec	2000	2	6	300	SW	
16	22 "	Le Garibaldi	Iglesias	2000	1	6	450	W	
17	25 "	Le Montgolfier	Hervé-Hope	2045	3	3	390	W	
18	27 "	Le Vauban	Guillaume	2000	2	28	270	W	
19	27 "	La Normandie	Beau-Grasse	1650	3	—	300	W	Captured
20	29 "	Colonel Charras	Gilles	2000	—	6	400	WSW	
21	2 Nov.	Le Fulton	Cirieux	2045	1	6	350	NO	Pilot Mortally Wounded
22	4 "	Le Ferd. Flocon	Lalmet Vital	2000	2	6	150	NO	
23	4 "	La Galilée	Husson	2045	2	6	400	NO	
24	6 "	La Ville de Chateaudun	Bosc	2000	—	6	300	NO	Pilot & dispatches captured
25	7 "		Piper	1200	2	—	—	NO	
26	8 "	La Gironde	Gallay	2045	3	3	60	O	
27	12 "	Le Daguerre	Jubert	2045	2	30	300	WSW	
28	12 "	Le Niepce	Pagano	2045	4	—	300	W	Captured
29	18 "	General Uhrich	Lemoine père	2045	3	34	80	SW	
30	21 "	L'Archimède	Buffet	2045	2	5	300	SSW	
31	24 "	L'Égalité	W. de Fonvielle	3000	4	12	—	SW	
32	24 "	La Ville d'Orléans	Rolier	2000	1	6	[illegible]	SW	
33	28 "	Le Jacquard	Prince	2045	—	—	250	SO	Drowned
34	30 "	Jules Favre No. 2	Martin	2000	1	10	100	OSO	Pilot Injured
35	1 Dec.	La Bataille de Paris	Poirrier	2000	2	—	—	OSO	
36	3 "	Le Volta	Chapelain	2045	1	—	300	OSO	
37	5 "	Le Franklin	Marcia	2045	1	6	100	OSO	
38	7 "	L'Armée de Bretagne	Surel de Montchamps	2000	1	6	400	NO	
39	7 "	Le Denis Papin	Domalain	2045	3	3	60	OSO	
40	11 "	General Renault	Joignerey	2000	2	12	100	SSO	
41	15 "	Ville de Paris	Delamarne	2000	2	12	18	WSW	Captured
42	17 "	Le Parmentier	Paul	2045	2	4	180	W	
43	17 "	Le Guttemberg	Perruchon	2040	3	6	—	W	
44	18 "	Le Davy	Chaumont	1200	1	—	50	SW	
45	20 "	General Chanzy	Verrecke	2000	3	4	35	W	Captured
46	23 "	Le Lavoisier	Ledret	2045	1	6	115	NO	
47	23 "	La Délivrance	Gauchet	2000	1	4	110	NO	
48	24 "	Rouget de l'Isle	Jahn	2045	2	—	—	O	
49	27 "	Le Tourville	Mouttet	2000	3	4	100	S	
50	27 "	Le Merlin de Douai	Tarbe des Sablons	2000	1	—	—	S	
51	29 "	Le Bayard	Reginensi	2045	1	4	110	NO	
52	31 "	L'Armée de la Loire	Lemoine fils	2000	—	—	250	NO	
53	4 Jan.	Le Newton	Ours	2045	1	4	310	OSO	
54	9 "	Le Duquesne	Richard	2045	3	4	150	WSW	
55	10 "	Le Gambetta	Ch. Duvivier	2000	1	3	240	NW	
56	11 "	Le Kepler	Roux	2045	1	3	100	OSO	Pilot Injured
57	13 "	Le Monge	Raoul	2045	2	—	—	SSO	
58	13 "	General Faidherbe	Van Seymortier	2000	1	5	60	SSO	
59	15 "	Le Vaucanson	Clariot	2045	2	4 dogs	75	S	Dogs did not return
60	16 "	La Steenacker	Vibert	2000	1	—	6	SSW	
61	18 "	La Poste de Paris	Turbiaux	2000	2	3	10	SW	
62	20 "	General Bourbaki	Th. Mangin jeu.	2000	1	4	125	WSW	Pursued, burst
63	22 "	General Daumesnil	Robin	2000	—	3	200	SW	
64	24 "	Torricelli	Bely	2045	—	3	300	S	
65	27 "	Richard Wallace	Lacaze	2000	—	3	220	SO	Drowned
66	28 "	General Cambronne	Tristan	2045	—	—	90	OSO	

* [illegible]



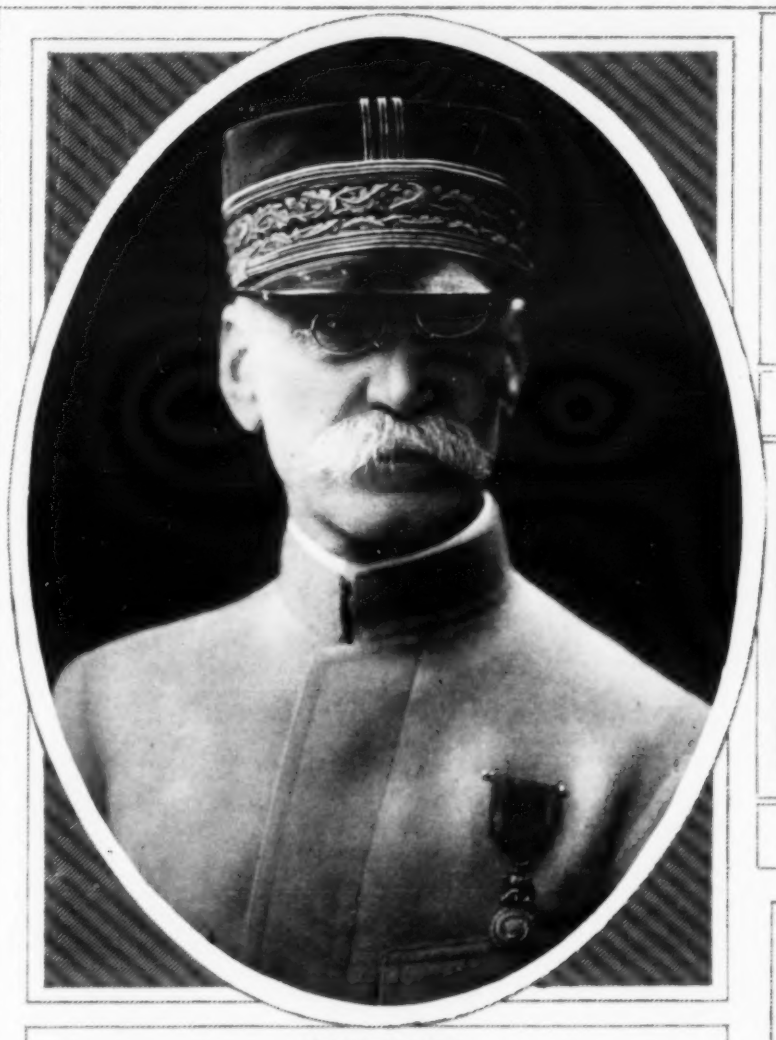
HOW BALLOONS WERE USED TO KEEP UP COMMUNICATION BETWEEN INVESTED PARIS AND THE OUTER WORLD DURING THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR OF 1870-71: A TABLE AND CHART SHOWING THE NUMBER OF ASCENSIONS AND THE RESULTS.

As the very interesting chart given above shows, sixty-six balloons were sent up from the invested city during the siege of Paris by the Germans, from September 23, 1870, to January 28, 1871. Chiefly, they ascended for carrying mails and despatches, for which work they were found valuable. In all, the balloons carried 164 passengers, 381 carrier pigeons, 5 dogs (for experimental purposes), and 10,675 packages of postal matter. The table and chart form a detailed list of the ascents and show the distance travelled in each case. The black lines on the chart represent distance covered; the grey lines above the black lines, the duration of voyage.

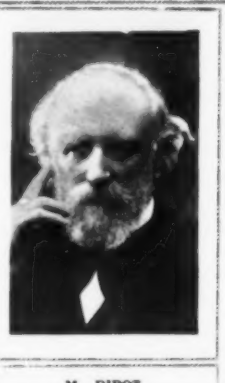
Reproduced from the "Scientific American" by Courtesy of that Paper.

CONTAINING SEVEN EX-PREMIERS: THE NEW BRIAND CABINET, OF FRANCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANUEL, E.N.A., GERSCHEL, TOPICAL, PETIT, AND STANLEY.

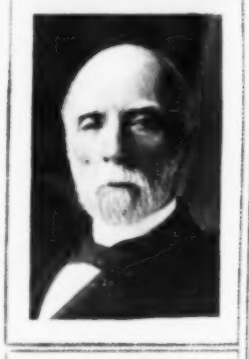


GENERAL GALLIENI
(WAR)



M. RIBOT
(FINANCE).

M. PAINLEVÉ
(INSTRUCTION).

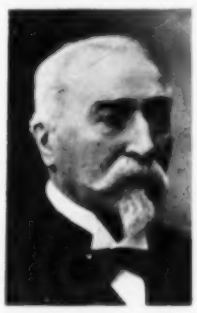


M. DE FREYCINET
(MINISTER OF STATE)

M. GUESDE
(MINISTER OF STATE).

M. VIVIANI
(JUSTICE).

M. DENYS COCHIN
(MINISTER OF STATE).



M. COMBES
(MINISTER OF STATE).

M. MELINE
(AGRICULTURE).

M. SEMBAT
(PUBLIC WORKS).

M. DOUMERGUE
(COLONIES).

M. CLÉMENTEL
(COMMERCE).

M. BOURGEOIS
(MINISTER OF STATE).

M. ARISTIDE BRIAND
(PREMIER, AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS).

The new French Cabinet includes, in addition to those gentlemen whose portraits we give, Rear-Admiral Lacaze (Marine) and M. Malvy (Interior), whose portraits are not obtainable at the moment. As a whole, it consists of three Independent Socialists, MM. Briand, Viviani, and Painlevé; three Collective Socialists, MM. Jules Guesde, Marcel Sembat, and Albert Thomas; six Radicals and Socialist-Radicals, MM. Bourgeois, Combes, Doumergue, Clémentel, Malvy, and Métin; two Moderate Republicans, MM. Ribot and De Freycinet; one member of the Right, M. Denys Cochin, and one Progressist, M. Méline. Having formed the Cabinet, M. Briand wired to Sir Edward Grey: ". . . I desire to declare that the Government of the Republic intends to pursue, in the same spirit of close and active co-operation, the policy which has so happily bound France and Great Britain from the beginning of the struggle which they are carrying on in common." The Cabinet is remarkable not only as one of all the talents, but in that there are included in it no fewer than seven ex-Premiers of France: MM. Briand, Viviani, De Freycinet, Ribot, Méline, Bourgeois, and Combes. M. de Freycinet has been Premier seven times. It may be added that General Gallieni is the distinguished Military Governor of Paris. M. Painlevé is also Minister for Inventions affecting National Defence.

"MY ARMIES ARE VERY PROUD TO FIGHT BY YOUR SIDE

PHOTOGRAPHS

THE KING AT A REVIEW OF A FAMOUS FRENCH CORPS: HIS MAJESTY (WITH PRESIDENT POINCARÉ

THE King's presence in France was first made known in London on October 25, by the issue of the following official announcement: "The King is in France, where he has gone to visit his Army. His Majesty also hopes to see some of the Allied troops." The King is understood to have intended to return to England on October 29, but on the day before, just after concluding his second review for that day, at which troops of the First Army were inspected by his Majesty, he met with his unfortunate accident. His charger reared twice, falling the second time and bringing him down, with the result that he was very severely bruised. Happily, his Majesty escaped more serious injuries. The King, as a fact, had been for four days in France before the official notification of his having crossed the Channel first appeared in the papers. He landed in France on October 21, and, in company with Sir John French, who met him on landing, first made a three-days' tour of the principal bases, stores and munitions depôts, and convalescent hospitals of the British Expeditionary Force. After that his Majesty proceeded to the front and, with the Prince of Wales, met President Poincaré and M. Millerand, then French Minister of War, in the operations-area of the British Third Army. In company with the French President and War

[Continued opposite.

WHILE THE KING WAS VISITING THE TROOPS OF OUR ALLY, FRANCE: HIS MAJESTY, WITH GENERAL HAVE DISTINGUISHED

[Continued.]

the Canadian brigades. On Thursday (the 28th) his Majesty was reviewing part of the First Army when he met with his accident. In the upper illustration the King is seen at the march-past of the French troops. On the further side of his Majesty, with part of his cap showing, is President Poincaré. A few steps in rear is General Joffre (with his face turned towards the camera) talking to two other officers. In the lower illustration King George and General Joffre are together, towards the centre of the picture. President Poincaré is seen

AND TO HAVE YOU AS COMRADES": THE KING IN FRANCE.

BY S. D'A.

AND GENERAL JOFFRE) AT A MARCH-PAST OF COLONIAL INFANTRY—IN THE NEW STEEL HELMETS.

JOFFRE, AT THE DECORATION, BY PRESIDENT POINCARÉ, OF OFFICERS AND MEN WHO THEMSELVES IN ACTION.

(Continued.)

Minister, he inspected certain regiments of one of the British army corps holding the front in that sector of the field. A second inspection of another portion of the command was held on the same day, at which President Poincaré conferred the Legion of Honour on Generals Plumer, Macready, and Maxwell, and several other British officers, and also decorated the Prince of Wales with the French War Cross—the Croix de Guerre. A great part of the following day the King spent with the French Army. Together with M. Poincaré, M. Millerand, and General Joffre, he reviewed one of the French army corps, the spectacle of the march-past of battalion after battalion in war-grey and helmeted, and the men all in the highest state of battle-efficiency, being a marvellously impressive one. In the afternoon the King visited one of the French observation-stations, and in addition saw certain batteries of the "Soixante-quinzes" in action. October 27 the King passed in visiting the Second British Army zone. There he reviewed representative brigades from two of the army corps, inspected Royal Flying Corps squadrons, and inspected one of the Flying Corps camps, and also batteries of the British heavy artillery now greatly in evidence in the front line, as well as one of

(Continued below.)

on the right, in the act of decorating one of the line of selected recipients of the honour. It may be added that one of the most appreciated acts of the King in France was his Majesty's "Félicitation" to the French Army, issued by General Joffre as an "Order of the Day," in which his Majesty said: "My armies are very proud to fight by your side and to have you as comrades. May the bonds which unite us hold firm and the two countries remain thus united for ever."

CRATERS; AND CAPTIVES: GREAT "EXCAVATIONS" MADE

PHOTOGRAPHS 1 AND 3 BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU; 2, 4, AND 5 BY THE OFFICIAL

GERMAN PRISONERS MAKING A CAMP FOR THEMSELVES AND THEIR FELLOWS: THE CONSTRUCTION OF "CAMP JOFFRE"

WITH A MAN STANDING IN IT, TO SHOW ITS ENORMOUS EXTENT: THE

WITH A DEAD SOLDIER IN A SITTING POSTURE AND ANOTHER STRETCHED OUT: IN A MINE-CRATER AT SOUAIN.

In the first and third illustrations are seen two of the ways in which our Allies are turning to practical account the German prisoners in France, and making them work. In the one German prisoners are being employed in preparing a camp, known as "Camp Joffre," stated to be "one of a number of fresh camps constantly necessary in view of the number of prisoners daily surrendering." In the other, German prisoners have been set to clean up a French "Soixante-quinze"—a grim piece of irony, in its way, on the part of the camp-commandant. The other illustrations show parts of the interiors of craters caused by mines exploded by the French underneath German trenches at Perthes and Souain. The photographs

BY EXPLODED FRENCH MINES; AND WORKING PRISONERS.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY, SUPPLIED BY SPORT AND GENERAL.

CRATER FORMED BY THE EXPLOSION OF A FRENCH MINE BEFORE PERTHES.

HANDLING ONE OF THEIR CAPTORS' MOST FAMOUS WEAPONS: GERMAN PRISONERS EMPLOYED TO CLEAN A FRENCH "75" GUN.

WITH DEAD CLUSTERED ABOUT THE SAND-BAGGED ENTRANCE OF A SHELTER: IN A MINE-CRATER AT SOUAIN.

were taken in each case very shortly after the blowing-up, as is evidenced by the dead bodies and *débris* still seen lying about. The resemblance to a volcanic crater with its deep, hollow, cup-shaped excavation and steeply sloping edges and sides, is noticeable in all three. In all three also the dark, fosse-like cavities mark where the dug-outs and shelter-pits of the German trench existed, the last illustration showing, also, a partly filled-up entrance to what had apparently been an elaborately tunnelled dug-out. It was near Souain and Perthes that the French broke through the German lines when they made their great advance in Champagne. Perthes is two or three miles from Tahure.

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BASSANO, WESTON, SWAINE, SHERRIFF, HALE AND POLDEN, HENRY DIXON, VANDYK, AND LAFAYETTE.

2ND LT. F. C. M. RAYMOND, HAMPSHIRE REGT.

LIEUT. G. W. ROBINSON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGT.

2ND LIEUT. T. R. TAYLOR, LANCS. FUSILIERS.

LIEUT. A. C. P. CAMPBELL, E. SURREY REGT.

LT. A. STAFFORD ALLEN, ROYAL FUSILIERS.

2ND LIEUT. H. W. BONE, S. STAFFS. REGT.

LIEUT. O. HAROLD BEAUFORT, N. STAFFS. REGT.

CAPT. P. C. J. R. RAWDON-HASTINGS, LEICESTER REGT.

MAJOR W. J. TERRY, SUFFOLK REGT.

CAPTAIN A. L. SPAFFORD, LANCS. FUSILIERS.

2ND LIEUT. H. F. PENNINGTON, R. SUSSEX REGT.

LIEUT. A. W. W. TURNOUR, RIFLE BRIGADE.

LIEUT. F. C. MACNAUGHT, ROYAL ENGINEERS.

BRIG.-GEN. THE HON. J. F. TREFUSIS, D.S.O., IRISH GUARDS.

CAPTAIN W. R. DAVIS, E. KENT REGT.

2ND LIEUT. C. W. KING, S. STAFFS. REGT.

2ND LIEUT. J. W. FORREST, SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

2ND LIEUT. C. A. VAUGHAN, SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

2ND LIEUT. A. D. ARNOT, GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

2ND LT. W. G. FALLOWFIELD, ARGYLL AND SUTH. HIGHRS.

LIEUT. J. G. HOLLINGSWORTH, MIDDLESEX REGT.

LIEUT. H. A. R. CROOKHAM, CAMBRIDGESHIRE REGT.

MAJOR E. A. E. GREGORY, 8TH LIGHT HORSE.

2ND LIEUT. C. A. LOWNDES, N. STAFFS. REGT.

LIEUT. KENNETT S. HORE, LONDON REGT.

LIEUT. J. F. CARSWELL, CAMERONIANS.

LIEUT. MALCOLM R. GIBSON, E. SURREY RIFLES.

2ND LIEUT. W. H. G. MEIRE, NORFOLK REGT.

CAPT. SPENCER DRUMMOND, RIFLE BRIGADE.

CAPT. THE HON. COULSON C. FELLOWES, 1ST LIFE GUARDS.

2nd Lieut. Mottley Raymond was the son of Mr. George Raymond, M.V.O., British Consul for Corfu and the Ionian Islands. Capt. Paulyn Rawdon-Hastings was the 1st surviving son of the late Hon. Paulyn Francis Cuthbert Rawdon-Hastings and Lady Maud Rawdon-Hastings, of the Manor House, Ashby-de-la-Zouche; he was a nephew of the Earl of Loudoun and heir-presumptive to the Earldom. Capt. Arthur L. Spafford served with distinction in South Africa. Brig.-Gen. the Hon. John Frederick Hepworth-Stuart-Forbes Trefusis was a brother of Baron Clinton. 2nd Lieut. Forrest was the only son of Sir Charles Forrest, of Cousston, Midlothian, N.B. 2nd Lieut. C. Alvarez Vaughan was the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Vaughan, of Sylva, Putney Heath, and of Bogota, Republic of Colombia. Lieut. Malcolm R. Gibson was the son of Mr. Walter M. Gibson, M.V.O., I.S.O., Secretary of His Majesty's Privy Purse, and was a very gallant and popular young officer. Capt. the Hon. Coulson Churchill Fellowes was the eldest son of Lord de Ramsey, and was born in 1883. He married in 1906, Gwendolen Dorothy, daughter of Mr. Harry Wyndham Jefferson, of Stoke Hall, Rochford, Lincolnshire, and leaves a widow and two children, of whom his son, Ailwyn Edward, born in 1910, now becomes heir to the Barony.

OFFICER (Egyptian Service): "I'm going to tell our C.O. there's a General come to see him."

JOHNNIE WALKER: "What! me a General?"

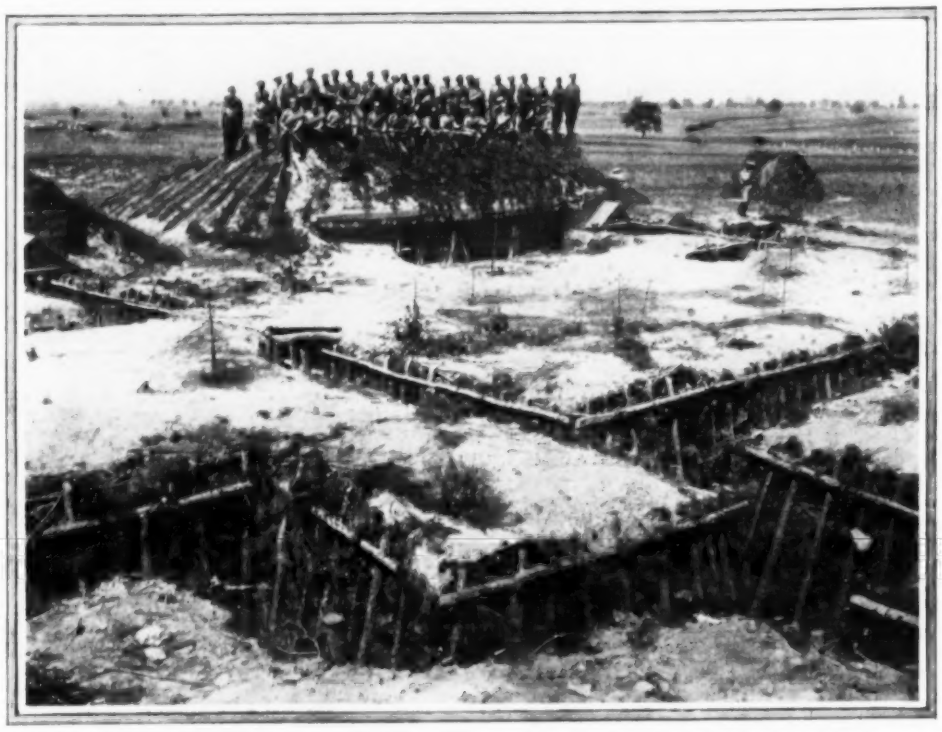
OFFICER: "Yes! General Favourite!"

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

A TOPICAL CURIO BOOK. A DOCTOR'S WAR NOTES.

A Military Museum.

All of us have heard of Burns's "chiel amang you takin' notes," though few could say off-hand who or what sort of a fellow this was. As a matter of fact, this "fine, fat fodgel wight, of stature short but genius bright"—was an English Captain Grose who had gone up to Scotland to ransack that ancient kingdom for its military "fouth o' auld nick-nackets"; and his modern counterpart, with a certain difference, is to be found in Mr. Stanley Johnson, whose "Chats on Military Curios" (Fisher Unwin) offer us light, after-dinner reading of a most entertaining kind, quite in keeping with the all-absorbing topic of the time. Regimental nomenclature, crests, uniforms, armour, weapons, medals, decorations, medallions, prints, autographs, etc.—what could be more apropos of the newspaper narratives which now form our almost exclusive reading? And the volume's eighty illustrations are not these far more illuminating and instructive than descriptive words? In this respect our military literature has hitherto been comparatively barren. We have nothing at all to compare with Adolph von Menzel's wonderful costumes of the Prussian Army, a monumental work of which the British Museum possesses what is probably the only copy in this country. We have sadly neglected this art-historical aspect of our national life, so that battle-painters often find it very difficult to be correct in the reconstruction of our military past. And even our military historians, as Mr. Johnson says, do not always satisfy our curiosity as to things which the "man in the street" wants to know, as, for example: why do the drummers in the Guards wear *fleurs-de-lys* on their tunics? What regiments still wear black in memory of Wolfe? Why do the Northumberland Fusiliers, better known as the "Fighting Fifth," sport a red-and-white feather hackle in their busbies? How comes it that the "Black Watch," alone of Highland regiments, wear a red hackle in their bonnets? Why do the Gloucesters wear a badge on both the back and front of their caps? Why has the "flash" survived only in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers? Why does the privilege exist with the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry of wearing shirt collars with the uniform?—and so forth. Mr. Johnson asks some of those questions, while leaving it to others to answer them, which he might very well have done himself by extending his function as a military curio-collector to the ground of a military historian. But his book is a good and interesting one, all the same.



BATTLEFIELD WORK AT WHICH THE RUSSIANS ARE EXPERT: A SAMPLE OF A FIELD-FORTIFICATION NEAR RADOM.

The skill shown by the Russians in the construction of field-fortifications, as the Germans found to their cost in action with the Russian rear-guards during the retreat across Poland, is typified in the above illustration. It shows trenches near Radom, revetted with tree-trunks and branches, and a dug-out, the strength and solidity of the roof of which is testified to by the number of soldiers on it.—[*Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.*]

"A Surgeon in Khaki." Among the numerous works that have been published on the war, "A Surgeon in Khaki," by Dr. Arthur A. Martin (Edward Arnold), is certainly one of the most graphic. It gives us vivid and intimate pictures without attempts at fine writing or heroic descriptions. The very absence of "high-falutin" language makes the book all the more convincing. The author's description of the embarkation, of the arrival at Havre and later at Harfleur, and of the general muddle everywhere, is most enlightening, and very characteristic of our marvellous British methods. From Havre he was ordered to proceed to the Bay of Biscay by the transport *Turcoman*; but, as he was not allowed on board, he found another transport, the *Cestrian*, which was in an even more chaotic condition than the *Turcoman*, and got his men on board. "Over and over again," he says, "during this war one has met with instances of a want of reasoned judgment on the part of senior controlling officers." Perhaps Dr. Martin is a little too severe—some allowance must be made for the fact that he is referring to the period of the Mons retreat; but if his book loses in liberality it gains in actuality. He can give stories about the Germans which are quite as discreditable. Here is an instance: "As our ambulance was getting under way one of our R.A.M.C. corporals hove in sight marching proudly at the head of eleven fully armed German prisoners. . . . Later in the day we handed them over to the Norfolk Regiment, as it was clearly against the etiquette of war for a Field Ambulance to have prisoners of war. We hadn't a gun amongst us. . . . I don't know what the Germans thought when they found they had surrendered to an unarmed party." The story of the spy disguised as a medical officer and accompanied by a nurse who turned out to be a German waiter is most thrilling. The accommodating nature of the Gurkhas is shown by their attitude towards frozen mutton, presumably New Zealand. "I think, Sahib," said the Subadar to the anxiously inquiring British officers, "the regiment will be willing to eat the iced sheep provided one of them is always present to see the animal frozen to death." Dr. Martin's accounts of the operations on the field of battle are gruesome. He speaks in the highest terms of the devotion of the French priests and nuns. The illustrations enhance the realism of this weirdly fascinating book.

Established 1847.

Allcock's Plasters

(Eagle Mark)

The World's Greatest External Remedy.

Allcock's is the original and genuine porous plaster. For over 60 years it has been the standard remedy for all aches and pains. *Apply wherever there is Pain.*

When you need a Pill *Purely Vegetable.*

TAKE A **Brandreth's Pill** (Est. 1752.)

For Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Indigestion, Etc.

SOLD BY CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE.

ALLCOCK MANUFACTURING CO.

Birkenhead. New York. Liverpool.

"A Miss is as good as her Smile"—

perfects the Smile

Twice a year have the dentist examine your teeth—twice a day brush them with

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM.

This safe dentifrice cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes them to natural whiteness. You need not be afraid to smile if you use Colgate's.

Sold where you buy your toilet preparations.

COUPON (Dept. S.), 11/6/15

COLGATE & CO.,
46, Holborn Viaduct, London.

Please send me a trial size of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. I enclose 4 in stamps to defray cost of packing and postage.

Name _____

Address _____

"Not once or twice in our fair Island story, the path of Duty was the way to Glory."—*Tennyson.*

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

THE LAND OF BEAUTY, VIRTUE, VALOUR, TRUTH. Oh! who would not fight for such a Land!

By FRANK DADD. *Copyright in the Illustration by J. C. Fox.*

FOLLOW THE DRUM.

In Sad Times, or Glad Times, and All Times, take

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

Health-Giving.—Refreshing.—Invigorating. *Known and Sold throughout the World.*

CHIFFON VELVET

FROCKS

We have just designed a number of smart but quite inexpensive Frocks, in fine quality Lyons Silk Chiffon Velvet, suitable for Afternoon or Restaurant wear. All these frocks are copied and adapted from the newest Paris Models, by our own skilled workers, and considering the cut, finish, and quality of the materials used, are marked at exceptionally moderate prices.

AFTERNOON GOWN (as sketch), in rich quality chiffon velvet and ninon; the bodice is designed with graceful lines in crossover style, with self-coloured buttons and aerophane collar, picot edged. **5½ Gns.**

GIFTS FOR OFFICERS.

SLEEPING BAGS in waterproof khaki twill, lined fur, light and warm, to fold in small compass, from **5 Gns.**
KHAKI ALL-WOOL BRITISH WARM COATS, from **6 Gns.**
LEATHER WAISTCOATS, lined reliable fur, from **69/6.**
FUR WAISTCOATS in Natural Nutria, lined flannel, with leather backs, **6 Gns.**
FUR ENGADINE CAPS, in various furs, from **21/-.**

Debenham & Freebody.
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value

What the Major Said

LAST month, Major B. walked into a Lotus agent's shop. "Mr. H," he said, "you have saved my life!" "How is that, Sir?" asked the astonished H. "You remember, six months ago, when I came in for a pair of Service boots at about 30/-, you persuaded me to buy Lotus Waterproof boots at 42/-. Well, they're damn fine boots. I wore 'em in the trenches for five months, through some beastly bad weather, and never had a damp foot."

Lotus

Letters: Lotus Limited, Stafford.
Makers of Lotus and Delta Boots. Agents everywhere.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF," AT THE CRITERION.

"IT'S an ill wind," etc. Mr. James Welch's illness, which we all regret, proved Mr. George Desmond's opportunity. So that the Criterion *première* gave us a double delight: it offered a farce so riotously droll that not even the absence of the "star" militated in the least against its chances, and it introduced us to an actor of real comic talent. Mr. Desmond knows how to keep things going at breakneck pace, and his alert and incisive manner makes just the right foil to the melancholia and sartorial singularities of Mr. Thesiger as the hero's virtuous and much-maligned friend. Neither player is asked to do anything very new; one is cast for the inevitably raffish young husband, and the other plays the scapegoat thrust into ludicrous predicaments the husband's follies have created. But only the inhuman could fail to laugh at the sight of poor Tully forced by charming Mrs. Ayres to don her lord and master's pyjamas, or over the mistake of Ayres himself, who refuses to believe that an old lady is not Tully himself dressed up in his aunt's petticoats. The stock situations, it will be noticed, the stock devices—which, by the way, include a burst water-pipe and the passing off of a night-club girl as the prig's wife—are quite good for Mr. Walter Ellis, the author of "A Little Bit of Fluff," and, thanks to the ingenuity of his manipulation, they are quite good enough for any audience. He is lucky not only in his men actors, but in the representative of his "little bit of fluff." Miss Ruby Miller's oglings and hysterics could not be easily bettered.

THE PRIME MINISTER PAYS A PERSONAL TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MISS CAVELL (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) MRS. ASQUITH, MR. ASQUITH, AND MISS VIOLET ASQUITH ARRIVING AT ST. PAUL'S FOR THE MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Photograph by C.N.

"BETTY," REINFORCED AT DALY'S.

That Miss Gabrielle Ray has been missed on the musical-comedy stage was evident from the enthusiasm with which her return to Daly's was welcomed last week, an enthusiasm that not even fog could depress. There is a confidence and an ease about her dancing, quite apart from its gracefulness, which help to strengthen any cast that has the advantage of her services, and the little turns and duets assigned her in the rôle of Estelle distinctly increase the attractiveness of "Betty." Another newcomer at Daly's is Mr. Lauri de Frece; his are quiefer methods than those of the comedian he replaces, Mr. W. H. Berry, but they are more in keeping with the fairy-tale atmosphere of the story. Miss Winifred Barnes's pretty singing in some new ditties—and Mr. Donald Calthrop's fervent acting help so much to maintain. For the moment Mr. G. P. Huntley is out of the bill, but Mr. Tom Walls is a good substitute.

MORE OF "MORE," AT THE AMBASSADORS'.

The temptation to add to a revue which bears the title of "More" is no doubt irresistible, and Mr. Harry Grattan has succumbed to the temptation. He gives more to Mme. Hanako and Mr. Morris Harvey and M. Morton and Mlle. Delysia, all of whom fool deliciously in a new edition of the "Japanese melodrama"; and again to Miss Iris Hoey and others in a nursing skit. The burlesque on darkest London, with its jests at the expense of our police rules, is funny enough to reconcile London to the worst troubles of our dim streets.

Messrs. Gale and Polden's "Regimental Nicknames and Traditions of the British Army" has deservedly attained

THE QUEEN-MOTHER ATTENDS THE MEMORIAL SERVICE TO MISS CAVELL: QUEEN ALEXANDRA LEAVING ST. PAUL'S—ON THE LEFT, SIR DIGHTON PROBYN.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

the honour of a fourth edition. The volume has been enlarged and revised in the present reissue, and forms a compact and handy book, illustrated in colour, and packed with interesting matter connected with the war-traditions of all our regiments. It makes also a useful reference work for all who are interested in the doings before the enemy of our soldiers—Guards, cavalry, infantry, and departmental corps. Much curious and interesting regimental information is presented, taking the book beyond the promise of its title. The romantic origin of some of our regimental tunes, for instance, is mentioned, and the stories attaching to them, as well as peculiarities of some of the details of regimental uniforms and other curious out-of-the-way facts.

BY ROYAL WARRANT TO H.M. THE KING.

Public Notice

OWING to a Postal Regulation that parcels containing bottles cannot in future be accepted for despatch by Parcel Post to the British or Mediterranean Expeditionary Forces, we regret having to withdraw our extensively advertised offer to send a special 5s case of **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE** direct to any member of the Expeditionary Force on the Western Front.

The ordinary supplies of the Original and Genuine Worcestershire Sauce will of course continue to be obtainable by the public in the usual way, and we understand that it is now available at the Front.

Lea & Perrins

Charles Packer & Co

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES in 15-ct. GOLD, all £2 2 0 each.

The East Surrey Regiment.

The Northumberland Fusiliers.

All these Brooches are finely modelled in 15 ct. Gold.

One uniform price of £2 2 0 each The best value obtainable.

The Royal Flying Corps.

The Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

All £2 2 0 each, post free.

The Royal West Kent Regiment.

Money returned in full if not approved.

The Royal Artillery.

The Durham Light Infantry.

Badge of any Regiment to Order, £2 2 0 each.

The Royal Army Medical Corps.

Illustrations show actual size of Brooches.

The Royal Navy. (Gold or Silver Anchor.)

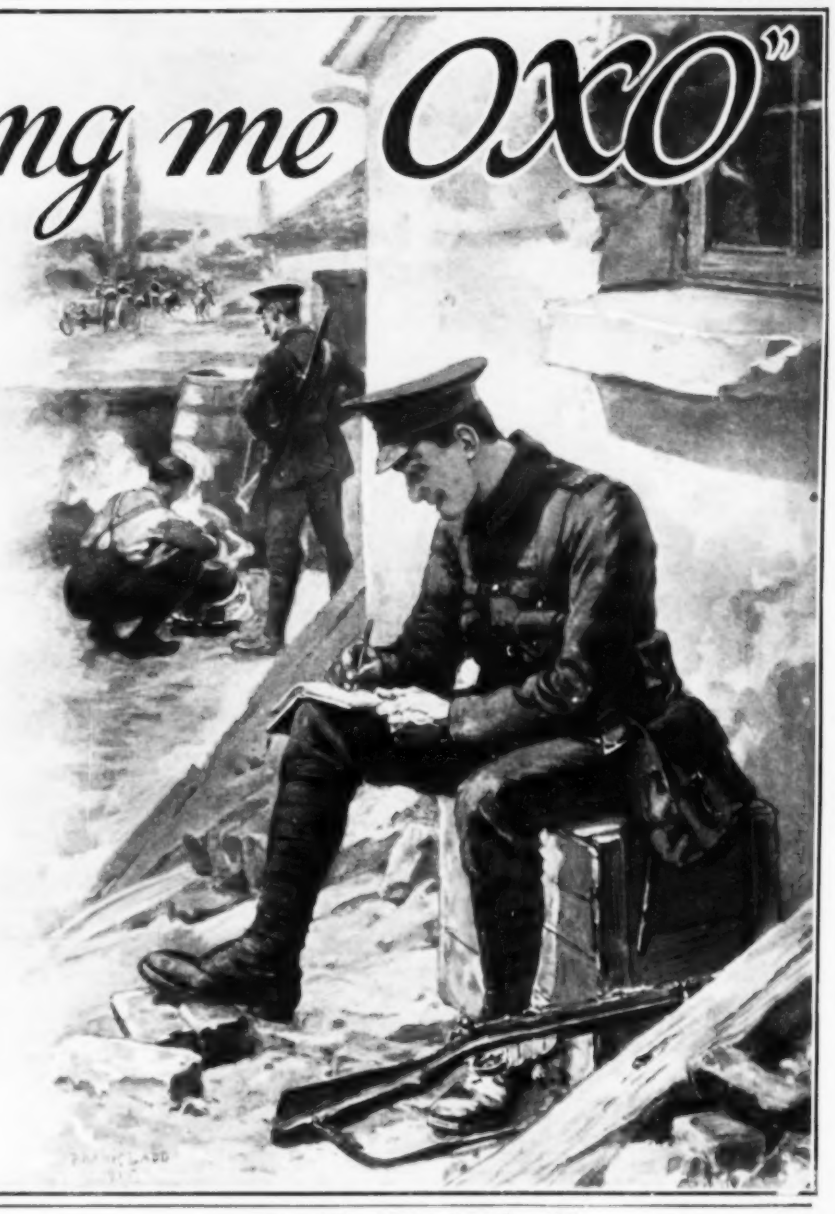
Special designs and estimates submitted for REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES, set with diamonds and other gems, from £6 6 0 to £25 0 0

The Army Service Corps.

The Royal Engineers.

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

"Keep on sending me OXO"



The value of OXO to all branches of His Majesty's Forces has received remarkable endorsement in numerous letters received by OXO Ltd., and the press, from those on active service and in training.

OXO exactly meets their needs. It takes up little space; it is easily carried and can be converted quickly into a hot nourishing drink, which, with bread or biscuit, will sustain for hours.

From a Volunteer in the Belgian Army to a Friend in England.

The OXO you sent me arrived just at the right time. I was able to make three cups of soup for three poor wounded men who were waiting to be moved from the battle-field after dark. They were in the seventh heaven, and begged me to give you their warmest thanks for the good it did them.

From one of the Royal Berks Regiment.

We have to do our cooking under difficulties, but this is made easy by using OXO which I have sent out to me by my friends. A canteen of OXO refreshes us up after we come off sentry go, especially in the middle of the night.

From one of the R.A.M.C.

So suddenly do things happen out here that we can never rely on getting our meals regularly. That is where the value of OXO can be seen. With OXO and a little boiling water we make a beverage that not only satisfies but sustains until a proper meal can be obtained.

OXO Ltd., Thames House, London, E.C.

BURBERRYS

Practical and Becoming Motor Dress

Every Genuine Burberry Garment bears the Burberry label.

THE MOTOR BURBERRY

Double-buttoning front and detachable linings of wool, camel-fleece or leather.

BURBERRY is a staunch safeguard against low temperature and biting winds, preserving healthful warmth, and enabling the most delicate constitution to withstand the rigours of wintry weather.

BURBERRY Weave and Proof impart to Burberry Materials the powers of excluding rain, sleet, snow, and all forms of damp, whilst maintaining perfect self-ventilation.

BURBERRY Colourings are rich, handsome, and exceptionally varied, whilst Burberry Models are remarkable for their airy-light weight and artistic distinction of design.

PATTERNS, PRICES AND ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF MODELS SENT POST FREE ON REQUEST.

COATS & GOWNS CLEANED by Burberrys are returned practically as good as new. All Weatherproof garments reproofed by the Burberry process. Price List on application.

BURBERRYS
Haymarket LONDON
8 & 10 Boulevard Malesherbes, PARIS
Basingstoke, also Provincial Agents

GIFTS

worth the giving

We have very serviceable khaki handkerchiefs from 1/11 per dozen and up.

are Robinson & Cleaver's Handkerchiefs, for they are beautifully made, will last long and retain their colour. Many of our handkerchiefs may still be obtained at pre-war prices.

Price lists and cuttings will be gladly sent Post free to intending purchasers.

Robinson & Cleaver Ld.
LONDON 40D Donegall Place LIVERPOOL
BELFAST

FOOT'S ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIR.

THE "BURLINGTON."

AN IDEAL EASY CHAIR THAT CAN BE INSTANTLY CHANGED INTO A SEMI OR FULL LENGTH COUCH.

Automatic Adjustable Back.

Simply press a button and the back declines or automatically rises to any position. Release the button and the back is instantly locked.
The sides open outwards, affording easy access and exit. The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations, and when not in use it slides under the seat.

Catalogue C7 of Adjustable Chairs Post Free.

(Patented.)

J. FOOT & SON, LTD., 171, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

NEW NOVELS.

"The Achievement of Richard Furlong." The achievement of Mr. Temple Thurston, encompassed in "The Achievement of Richard Furlong" (Chapman and Hall), raises wonder and admiration in the reviewer. Mr. Thurston has been enormously painstaking, sparing nothing of himself to this study of one young man and many women. The women should come first, because it is quite plain that, in spite of the development of Dicky, it is the women who command Mr. Thurston's most close and passionate interest. This is, indeed, the vulnerable point of his remarkable book. You cannot get away from the women; and they are never anything but women as a man sees them—creatures of sex more or less fully developed, creatures of emotion, creatures of instinct—the female of the species as our existing civilisation presents them to the male. Mr. Thurston's women are true enough; but they are not all the truth, and "The Achievement of Richard Furlong" falls short of the heights by failing to indicate that behind the mystery of the woman there lives, enshrouded, the still deeper mystery of a human being. Richard Furlong is the genius of steady and unconquerable growth, and perhaps his portrait is at its best in the clashes with his father. As Richard puts it, father and son never grow up in their relations to each other, and this is cleverly indicated as the history of their lives proceeds. We have no quarrel with the length of the book. It is hard to see, given the lines chosen by the author, how its wealth of material could have been compressed.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL ATTENDS THE CAVELL MEMORIAL SERVICE: MR. HERBERT SAMUEL ENTERING ST. PAUL'S.

Photo. by Newspaper Illustrations.

CHIEFLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ARRANGEMENTS AT THE CAVELL MEMORIAL SERVICE: SIR GEORGE MARTIN, THE FAMOUS ORGANIST (ON THE LEFT), AND CANON ALEXANDER.

Photo. by Photopress.

"The Secret Son." Mrs. Henry Dudeney has Mr. Thomas Hardy's predilection for making country-women unhappy. Their natural instincts lead them astray; they suffer dumbly and horribly; the frailties of the older generation are repeated in the younger. "The Secret Son" (Methuen) is a miserable, aching story, its tragedy heightened by the convincing atmosphere with which the rustic characters are surrounded. It is so good that we grudge its excellence to matter so depressing, a mood so partial. Life is far more of a patchwork than Mrs. Dudeney would have us believe; the Nancys are exceptions, not the rule; and the repetition of Nancy's tragedy twice over in Minnie and Minnie's child shows less of a sound interpretation of peasant life than of an obsession on the part of a clever writer. Where we can whole-heartedly commend Mrs. Dudeney is in her pictures of the Sussex Downs. Here, indeed, her patient reader is permitted to raise a cheerful head. For her the sweet peas bloom, the bees sing, the little tender things about the farm creep on to the fulness of life. Life is mangled and misused by the human beings; but the flowers and the birds continue their blessed cycle. We wish Mrs. Dudeney could give us the happier view of humanity and nature in harmony.

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR AUSTRALIA AT THE CAVELL MEMORIAL SERVICE: SIR GEORGE REID LEAVING ST. PAUL'S.

Photo. by Illustrations Bureau.

"The Mountains of the Moon." Mr. J. D. Beresford, with a plot furnished to him, as the dedication explains, by his friend Arthur Scott Craven, appears in a new light in "The Mountains of the Moon" (Cassell). He is less concerned with physical details than heretofore, less obsessed with the painful and the ugly side of human problems. In many of his books he has dissected his characters with a ruthlessness that spared the spectator nothing of the grosser side of humanity, and to this, we must confess, we grudged so full an application of his art. "The Mountains of the Moon" exhibits a nice social puzzle, twists and spins it this way and that, and solves it by the maiden in the case—a key delightfully applied to a delightfully ingenious situation. The scenic effects of Stratton may be stagey, the golf and the bridge and the elderly aunt rather more reminiscent of Drury Lane than of the real thing; but they can be accepted as the accessories of a capital story, even if it be a story which belongs more properly to the mechanical appliances of the playwright than to the psychological processes of a realistic novelist. Left to himself, Mr. Beresford would, we fancy, have dealt otherwise with the loves of Lady Tempe and Arthur Grey; but our feeling is a sensible relief that, in this one instance, he has allowed his talent to dally in the paths of pleasant fantasy.

"The Insulted and Injured." Again, in Mr. Heinemann's series of Dostoevsky's novels, we have the work of the great Russian admirably translated by Mrs. Garnett, and presented to the English public in an edition remarkable for its moderate cost and excellent type. "The Insulted and Injured" will make a less powerful appeal than "The House of the Dead"; but its detail is not less masterly, nor its philosophy less comprehensive. The simple, suffering heart of Russia, as Dostoevsky saw it when he was struggling to write his novels in St. Petersburg, is very tenderly laid bare in this wise and pitiful book. Human nature, insulted and injured, is still the holy thing; and a writer who loves his fellow men can describe evil without lewdness, crime without morbidity, and frailty without contempt. Prince Valkovsky, the lost soul of the story, is allowed to reveal himself, in a piece of penetrating analysis of the self-indulgent man. "You talk of the ideal, of virtue. Well, my dear fellow, I am ready to admit anything you tell me to, but what am I to do if I know for a fact that at the root of all human virtues lies the completest egoism? And the more virtuous anything is, the more egoism there is in it." The Prince's cynicism is the forerunner of the philosophy of a more recent writer—that even our most generous impulses spring from the selfish pleasure of being generous; but it is well to add that Valkovsky is balanced by other and more noble characters.

AT ST. PAUL'S FOR THE MEMORIAL SERVICE IN HONOUR OF MISS CAVELL: LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

Photo. by Illustrations Bureau.

"The Hope of the House." After the first months of shock, that paralysed our finer novelists, the war is making its appearance as the central interest of the new books. To some of us it may seem a subject too intimate and too tremendous for us to wish to find it between the covers of a novel; but if it is to be put to the uses of fiction it is hard to see how it could be better handled than by Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle in "The Hope of the House" (Cassell). They have employed a feature that will certainly be part of the stock-in-trade of the writers in years to come, when the Great War has taken its place in history and even the personal experiences of those who remember it are softened by time—the life of the Belgian refugees in their English havens of refuge. Here is, of course, opportunity for great play with racial types and tragic circumstances—room, too, in spite of all the sadness, for a certain amount of comedy of the cup-and-saucer kind that occurs when ladies of contrasting natures consort together. "The Hope of the House" is a pleasant, light novel.

MARVELLOUS ECONOMY Gas at 1/4 per 1000.

IN LIGHTING & COOKING

With a Self-contained Gas Generator.

Our Patent **Duplex** Carburettor gives wonderful results and works on **Ordinary Petrol.** Hundreds of Testimonials. Many adaptations of other makes to our perfect system, showing a saving of from 50 to 75 per cent.

A SOFT BUT PERFECT LIGHT.

Silent Burners and Automatic Switches render the system perfect.

Write for booklet and particulars.

THE PIONEERS OF PETROL GAS LIGHTING.

Thirty Years' Experience also in high-class **Electrical Installations.**

SPENSERS Ld. LONDON: 53e. South Molton Street. EDINBURGH: 119e. George Street.

COLONIAL AGENTS: MOFFAT VIRTUE, Ltd., Sydney, N.S.W. ANDERSONS, Ltd., Christchurch, N.Z. MARKS & Co., Buenos Ayres. R. J. WATSON & CO., Santa Cruz. SPENCE & CO., Calcutta.

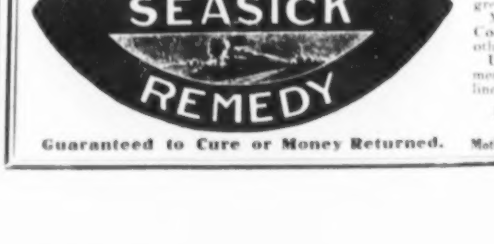
TREATMENT FOR ITCHING SCALPS AND DANDRUFF.

To allay itching and irritation of the scalp, prevent dry, thin and falling hair, remove crusts, scales and dandruff, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair, the following special treatment is most effective, agreeable and economical. On retiring, comb the hair out straight all around, then begin at the side and make a parting, gently rubbing Cuticura ointment into the parting with a bit of soft flannel held over the end of the finger. Anoint additional partings about half an inch apart until the whole scalp has been treated. The next morning, shampoo with Cuticura soap and hot water. Shampoo as often as agreeable, but use Cuticura ointment once or twice a month. For sample of each, address, F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse Square, London, E.C.

DR. ROBERTS' POOR MAN'S FRIEND OINTMENT

The Oldest Proprietary HEALING OINTMENT for ALL WOUNDS and CHRONIC SKIN DISEASES. An Ideal Toilet Cream.

Of all Chemists, 1/1, 3/-, 5/- or post free for stamps from **BEACH & BARNICOTT, Ltd., Bridport, Dorset, England.**



Guaranteed to Cure or Money Returned.

FOR SEA SICKNESS AND TRAIN SICKNESS

MOTHERSILL'S has received the unqualified endorsement of the leading papers of the world, and the finest testimonials from the world's greatest travellers, men, women, and institutions.

MOTHERSILL'S is guaranteed not to contain Cocaine, Morphine, Opium, Chloral, or any other of the coal tar products.

Used by Royalty, Nobility, Doctors, Clergymen, &c., &c., on Atlantic, Pacific and other liners, by Polytechnic Norway Tours, &c., &c.

NO BAD AFTER-EFFECTS.

Of all Chemists, in two sizes.

Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd., 19, St. Bride St., London, E.C.

A War Lesson

IF there were still the lurking shadow of a doubt about *wool*-wear being the *best* wear, doesn't the marvellous health of our men in France and Flanders and the Dardanelles for ever set your mind at rest!

Every man wears pure wool next his skin. And as surely as *wool*-wear is the *best* wear, so Wolsey is the best wool-wear.

The comfort, the fit and finish, the service, the value of every Wolsey undergarment attests it, the world's record sales of Wolsey prove it.

Make sure of your *health* and *your* economy; make sure to get

Wolsey

Pure Wool Underwear

Made in all garments and sizes for men, women, and children. All Wolsey is guaranteed Unshrinkable or Replaced Free.

Always be sure to see the Wolsey Trade Mark

The Wolsey Underwear Co., Leicester.

The Hymans Pocket
RANGE-FINDER

Weight only 4 oz.

A "ONE MAN" Range-Finder on entirely new principle. Will take the range of **any** object, using a **much shorter base** than any other pocket instrument yet invented, only **5 or 10 yards** being required. It will also take the range of an object whose width and height are known, **without movement on the part of the user.**

APPROVED BY AND SUPPLIED TO THE WAR OFFICE.

In order to give every Officer an opportunity of trying it, a Range-Finder will be sent on receipt of cheque and PRICE REFUNDED if purchaser is not satisfied and returns Instrument in good condition within five days.

Explanatory pamphlet and reprint of officers' testimonials free on request.

Inventor and Manufacturer—

CHARLES HYMANS, (Dept A.) **St. Andrew's Street, CAMBRIDGE.**

SESSEL PEARLS

SESSEL PEARLS

Are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture and durability of Genuine Oriental Pearls.

Beautiful Necklet of SESSEL PEARLS in filled case with 18ct. gold Clasp	£4 4 0
Real Diamond Clasps with SESSEL PEARL, Emerald, Sapphire, or Ruby Centre, from	£2 3 0
SESSEL PEARL Earrings, Studs, Scarf Pins, Rings with Solid Gold Mountings ... from	£1 10 0

BROCHURE No. 18, ON REQUEST, POST FREE.

Old Gold, Silver, Diamonds, etc., taken in exchange or purchased for cash.

SESSEL (*Bourne, Ltd.*),

14 & 14a, New Bond St., London, W.

RESEARCHES,

English and Foreign, by

LEO CULLETON

(*Member of English and Continental Research Societies*).

Historical, Genealogical, Heraldic, Literary, Topographical and other Researches.

CORRESPONDENCE IN ALL LANGUAGES.

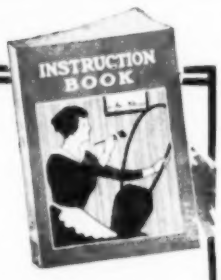
92, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

If you suffer from Asthma, Catarrh, Ordinary Colds, you will find nothing to equal

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

At all chemists 4/3 a tin.



Try this at our Expense

To bring home to you the wonderful properties of

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

we will send a trial tin and our booklet on the proper treatment of woodwork *for cost of postage only*. The tin contains enough for polishing a small floor, piano, several pieces of furniture or a motor-car.

JOHNSON'S Prepared Wax is a splendid and complete finish and polish for

Floors Desks Pianos Furniture Motor Cars Linoleum Woodwork Golf Clubs Carriages

OVER varnish, shellac, oil and French polish, Johnson's Prepared Wax gives perfect results. It is clean and economical; is easily applied; imparts a perfectly hard, dry, artistic finish of great beauty and durability.

Everyone who takes pride in keeping furniture attractive and the home sanitary should get Johnson's Prepared Wax.

A generous tin of Johnson's Prepared Wax with Instruction Book on home beautifying sent to any address on receipt of 9d. in stamps for postage.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON
244A, High Holborn, London, W.C.

THE Mason Pearson Brush is made of the best black wild boar bristles, scientifically set in clusters in a pneumatic rubber pad, and will pass through your hair just as a comb does. You feel the bristles getting down to the scalp and thoroughly cleansing your hair of all dust. Experience proves that the Mason Pearson does its work more pleasantly and effectively than any type of brush yet devised, and by stimulating the skin action improves the condition and appearance of the hair. The Mason Pearson Brush is made in two grades and sold by most high-class chemists, stores, and hairdressers. "Standard," price 7/6; extra thick bristles, price 10/6.

The Brush that really Brushes

MASON PEARSON
London England

Mason Pearson Selling Agency, Ltd., 61 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

TURKISH BATHS AT HOME

All the delights and benefits of Hot Air, Vapour, Perfumed and Medicated Baths can be enjoyed privately in your own room with our Patent Folding Bath Cabinet, which embraces every desirable feature, and possesses many exclusive advantages.

The recognised treatment for the cure & prevention of Colds, Influenza, Insomnia, Lumbago, Sciatica, &c.

Prices from 35/-. Write for "BATH BOOK." No. 7.

J. FOOT & SON, Ld., (Dept. B 7), 171 New Bond St., London, W.

MAJOR RICHARDSON'S

SENTRY DOGS (AIREDALES) as supplied Army in France, **5 gns.**
POLICE DOGS (AIREDALES) for house and personal guards **5 gns.**; **pups, 2 gns.**
BLOODHOUNDS, from **20 gns.**; **pups, 5 gns.**
ABERDEEN, SCOTCH, FOX and IRISH TERRIERS, **5 gns.**; **pups, 2 gns.**
GROVE END, HARROW. *Tel. 421*

NUDA VERITAS HAIR RESTORER

Is not a Dye, but the Genuine Restorer; and for 50 years has never failed to restore Grey or Faded Hair in a few days.

HARMLESS, EFFECTUAL, AND PERMANENT.

Circulars and Analysts' Certificate Post Free. Sold by **Hairdressers, Chemists, &c., in Cases, 10/6 each.**

Wholesale Agents: R. HOVENDEN & SONS, Ltd., 91-93, Berners St., W., & 91-95, City Rd., London, E.C.

BEWARE OF UMBRELLAS MADE ON GERMAN FRAMES.

WHEN YOU BUY

AN UMBRELLA

INSIST ON HAVING A

FOX'S FRAME

ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE.

Look for these Marks

S. FOX & Co. LIMITED PARAGON

on the Frame.

The Frame is the Vital Part

PURCHASE *BRITISH* GOODS AND REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

Old Remedy That's Always Best For Liver, Stomach and Bowels

Liver, Stomach and Bowel remedies have been coming and going for 50 years, but **Carter's Little Liver Pills** keep right on giving health, strength and happiness to millions. Lay aside the harsh cathartics that act violently on liver and bowels and give this old, gentle, sure constipation remedy a trial.

It's really wonderful how speedily they banish headache, indigestion, biliousness and nervousness and clear up sallow, blotchy, pimply skin. Purely vegetable.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

GENUINE must bear signature

Brent Good

Oakey's "WELLINGTON" Knife Polish

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Canisters at 4d., 6d., & 1s. by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c.

Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

R.A.C. Subscription. I suppose clubs may be regarded as a form of luxury, though the Royal Automobile Club is not only a social affair, but is, above all, a society of encouragement for the improvement of the motor-car, with a desire further to popularise motoring as a pastime. When this club moved from its modest house in Piccadilly to the new premises erected on the site of the old War Office in Pall Mall, the extra conveniences of the new club-house demanded an increased subscription and entrance-fee for the new members joining. With Turkish baths, swimming-baths, gymnasium, shooting-range, skittle-alley, squash-racket courts, ladies' restaurant, all added to the ordinary club-rooms, an entrance-fee of twenty-five guineas and a subscription of ten guineas for town and five guineas for country members was not a high price to pay for the use of such a luxurious palace. War, however, has taken a toll of the members, and "hard times" will probably make others query in their minds whether they use the club sufficiently to warrant the expenditure of the old annual subscription. Consequently, the Committee, feeling that it would be difficult to get new members at the old rate, and not wishing to lose others that might find that subscription too great a tax at the present time, convened a general meeting of the club on Oct. 28, which abolished the entrance-fee of twenty-five guineas and reduced the annual subscription to five guineas for town and three guineas for country members, thus making this club the best value in club subscriptions in London—or anywhere else, for that matter. This should help greatly to induce all motorists and others interested in the pastime to join this organisation of many benefits, with its road and touring arrangements as well as its social advantages.

THE AUSTRALIAN TRANS-CONTINENTAL RAILWAY EXPLORATION TOUR OF A WHILE AGO A SOUVENIR-PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. ANDREW LANG'S 15-H.P. TALBOT ON A LIMESTONE-STREWN TRACK.

There have just come into the hands of the Clement Talbot Company the interesting photographs here reproduced. They were taken by Mr. Andrew Lang, a well-known Australian motorist, now attached to the Royal Flying Corps, when he was acting as driver of the 15-h.p. Talbot car commissioned by the Australian Government to carry out the Trans-Continental Railway Exploration Tour of 1910, when the Australian Continent was crossed for the first time by a motor-car. The success of the trip laid the foundations of the Talbot car's popularity in Australia. The particular photograph given above is of the car on a limestone-strewn track, of which eighty miles were traversed in three days in Northern Australia.

A HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPH: THE TALBOT CAR BY A WIND-BLOWN HILL OF BRIGHT RED SAND.

Protean Motorist. War has produced the protean motorist, who drives at different times, as occasion requires, a motor-cycle, motor-car, ambulance, motor wagon or lorry at the front. These "all-round" motorists naturally see many aspects of war—more so than the average driver. One of these, writing home some little time ago, says he has had some wonderfully lucky escapes when driving a motor-ambulance as one of his many jobs, shrapnel passing through the car adding to the wounds of the wounded, yet leaving the driver unhurt. Cars in front of him have been shattered to pieces; while he has just missed huge shell-holes in the roads or tracks by seconds.

Another Anglo-American. Already motorists have seen cars of mixed production during this war, and now Mr. H. Herbert has introduced a new light car with the co-operation of British and American motor engineers. With an American engine cast *en bloc* rated at 11·9-h.p., with its 69 mm. by 100 mm. cylinders, the two-seated Herbert car is to be sold at £250 complete, or with a four-seated body for an additional £25. The latest pattern Smith four-jet automatic carburetter is fitted, water-jacketed, and is calculated to give a petrol-consumption of thirty-six miles per gallon of fuel used. The control of the gear changes is placed on the usual right-hand side of the driver, and not centrally, the general American practice; while the chassis design gives ample room for comfortable and roomy coach-work, and the springing is nice and easy. Three forward, and a reverse, speeds are provided through the gate; while the equipment includes a hood, screen, five lamps (with an A.L. generator for the headlights), horn, and complete set of tools. The Ericson magneto is accessible, and is stated to be easily timed; and though the lubrication of the engine is by pump, the water circulation is by gravity, otherwise known as thermo-syphon action.

W. W.

A HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPH: DIGGING A PATH FOR THE TALBOT CAR THROUGH A SANDY RIVER-BED.

By Appointment.

FEROCAL

(SQUIRE'S CHEMICAL FOOD)

Strengthens.
Nourishes.
Improves the appetite.

For children who are naturally delicate, or who are inclined to outgrow their strength.

Pleasant to the Taste. Children like it.

In bottles, 1/6, 2/9 and 4/6, of all Chemists.

SQUIRE & SONS, Ltd., THE KING'S CHEMISTS, 413, Oxford St., London, W.

WOOD-MILNE SPECIAL

GUARANTEED FOR 3500 MILES

Tyre troubles "bridged over"

Telegrams—"Comfort, Preston." Telegrams—"Bruising, London."

WOOD-MILNE, LIMITED, PRESTON
LONDON, Manchester Avenue, Aldersgate Street, E.C.
BRISTOL, BIRMINGHAM, BELFAST, DUBLIN, GLASGOW.

Telephone—Preston 411. Telephone—City 4797.

M 523

H.M. Government

found within a very short time from the commencement of the war that only the most efficient and "able" cars were possible in the war area. That the Sunbeam works were commandeered speaks volumes for Sunbeam supremacy. Even more important to motorists is the fact that, despite the harsh conditions with which they are daily meeting, Sunbeams are excelling on all points—proving their supremacy beyond dispute.

THE SUPREME

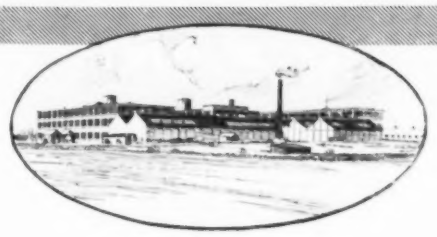
SUNBEAM

SUNBEAM-COATALEN AIRCRAFT MOTORS

Hundreds of Sunbeam - Coatalen Aircraft Motors are helping to maintain the ascendency which distinguishes the flying services of the Allied Forces.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., WOLVERHAMPTON.

Manchester: 112, Deansgate. Agents for London and District: J. Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond Street, W.



IT may be definitely stated that the *price* of the Arrol-Johnston car will be reduced after the war, and the *quality* more than maintained. Prospective car purchasers will kindly note.

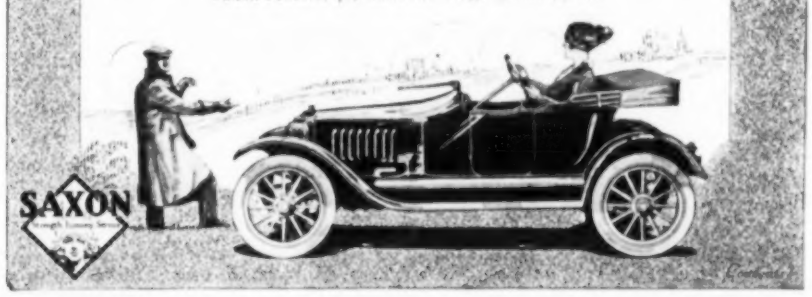
¶ At the present moment the Arrol-Johnston Works are engaged in the quantity production of extremely successful aeroplane engines.

Arrol-Johnston

The SAXON Car

THE Saxon Two Seater (11 h.p., 4 cyl.) is a marvel in its ability to do its job under all conditions and in the supreme ease with which even a novice can handle it. It is comfortable. It is reliable. It is economical. A trial will convince you. Write now for details. Agents everywhere.

Saxon Motors, 40, Sackville St., London, W.



A Woman's Delicate Skin

is most susceptible to Wind, Dry Atmosphere, or any Change of Climate.

GOURAUD'S

Oriental Cream

THE MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

will preserve it, keep it clear, soft, and free from Tan, Freckles, Roughness, Redness, Chaps, &c.

ORIENTAL CREAM is a liquid powder, far surpassing the dry powders that have to be applied so frequently to gain the desired effect. Being free from grease, does not encourage the growth of Hair. It has stood the test of over half-a-century.

Of all Chemists, 2/- and 6/3 per Bottle.

Trial bottle sent post free on receipt of two penny stamps. Dept. I.L.N.

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, 19, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.

NATURE'S ONLY WAY OF CURING

BRONCHITIS

BREATHEABLE PEPS GO DIRECT TO THE LUNGS.

THE worst chest-sufferer will benefit in Peps. As a Peps tablet dissolves in the mouth its valuable medicine takes the form of air. As it is breathed in, this medicine comes into instant and direct contact with every part of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs.

Relief is immediately felt, inflammation or soreness in the chest caused by coughing is soothed, the troublesome, stringy phlegm that blocks the air passages is cut and comes up easily, while that choking feeling gives way to easy and comfortable breathing. Peps take the bronchitis out by the roots.

If the sufferer is a child, part of a Peps tablet crushed into a powder and placed on the little one's tongue will work wonders, much to mother's relief.

Peps are unequalled for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Cough, Whooping Cough, Whooping Cough, Croup and Children's Chest Troubles. Of all chemists and druggists, or The Peps Co., Caroline Hill, Leeds; 59, Pitt Street, Sydney; 9, Long Street, Cape Town; 108, Dupont Street, Toronto; 9, Dalhousie Sq., Calcutta; and Rue Fouad Kouchouk 10, Alexandria.

PEPS

The Breatheable Tablets.

CHESS.

To Correspondents.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

F G Tucker (Bristol).—We are very pleased to hear from you again—old friends are, after all, the best. The problem shall appear in due course.

Y Kontaniemi (Raahe, Finland).—Your corrected position shall have our careful examination, as well as the further contributions duly to hand.

N S Augar, M.A. (Tinnevelly).—You may look for a report shortly.

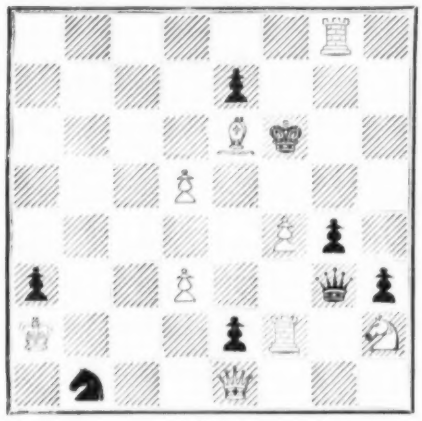
Hereward (Oxford).—Thanks for further problems, which it is scarcely necessary to say are welcome.

Solution of Problem No. 3715.—By W. A. Clark.

White	Black
1. R to Kt 5th	Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM No. 3718.—By Philip H. Williams.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 3712 received from C A M (Penang), and W Yule (St. Louis, U.S.A.); of No. 3713 from H J Zoadlay (Guelph, Canada); of No. 3715 from A E Dutton (Cheltenham), A V Markwell (Cavalla, Greece), A Cortina, A Aguiar (Lisbon), C Barretto (Madrid), J B Camara (Madeira), J Isaacson (Liverpool), Juan J de Lough (Guatemala), J Campbell (Reader), and H J B Zoadlay; of No. 3716 from A Cortina (Irubita, Spain), Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth), F J Overton (Sutton Coldfield), A Perry (Dublin), Fidelitas, J Marshall Bell (Buckhaven), J Worrall (Rodmell), and J J Dennis (Gosport).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 3717 received from Camille Genoud (Weston-super-Mare), J C Stockbridge (Torquay), F J Overton, J Fowler, A H Arthur (Bath), E E Gurney (Cambridge), J J Dennis, G F Browne (Chatham), R B Faulkner (Whitechurch), Corporal Jackson, M E Onslow (Bournemouth), W L Biggs (Oxford), A G Mullins (Lymington), G Wilkinson (Bristol), Montagu Lubbock, H S Brandreth (Weybridge), H Grasett Baldwin (Sunningdale), R Worters (Canterbury), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), J F G Pietersen (Kingswinford), Rev. J Christie (Redditch), Blair H Cochrane (Harting), J J Dennis, K C Durell (South Woodford), J S Forbes (Brighton), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), and J Smart.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the Western States Chess Association, between Messrs. Whitaker and Barkuloo.

(Vienna Game.)

White (Mr. W.)	Black (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
3. P to B 4th	P to Q 4th
4. B P takes P	Kt takes P
5. Kt to B 3rd	B to K Kt 5th

The correct continuation is B to Q Kt 5th at once. Black only loses time over this and his next move.

6. B to K 2nd	P to Q B 4th
7. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 5th
8. B to Q 2nd	Kt to Q B 3rd
9. Castles	Castles
10. K to R sq	Q to Q 2nd
11. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
12. B takes B	Kt takes B

P takes Kt presents some features of interest, and would probably yield a more favourable game for Black.

White (Mr. W.)	Black (Mr. B.)
13. Kt to Kt 5th	B takes B
14. Q takes B	Q takes P

Quite fatal. P to K R 3rd is now his only chance.

15. Q to R 5th	P to K R 3rd
16. Kt takes B P	Q to Q 2nd
17. Q to Kt 6th	

Conclusive. White turns his opportunity to account in excellent style.

17.	R takes Kt
18. P to K 6th	R takes R (ch)
19. R takes R	Q to Q 4th
20. P to K 7th	Q to B 3rd
21. Q to B 7th (ch)	K to R 2nd
22. Q to B 5th (ch)	Q to Kt 3rd
23. Q takes Q (ch)	K takes Q
24. R to B 8th	Resigns.

We have much pleasure in publishing the following letter, and trust any of our readers who can spare a board and set of chess-men, or draughts, will be glad to respond to its appeal—

The Chess Editor, France, Oct. 19, 1915.

Dear Sir,—Forgive the intrusion on your valuable time. I have been out here with the R.A.M.C. for some time, and am a chess enthusiast. Unfortunately, we have not the means of playing. I brought a set out here, but lost it with personal kit during our work connected with the Great Advance of a fortnight ago. We are now resting behind the firing-line, and time is hanging heavily. Now the nights are drawing in, we sadly miss "the game." Have you any generous readers who could spare an old set? No matter how bad the condition may be, believe me, the set will be greatly welcome. Any communications addressed to: Corpl. Challenor, 63rd Field Ambulance, B.E.F., France, will be speedily acknowledged. Surely some of your readers will answer this appeal and help to brighten the lot of a few lads in France. I am, yours faithfully, A. Challenor.

"TEN DEGREES BACKWARD."

A DUAL personality writes the novels of Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, which adds, if you come to think of it, an additional charm to that lady's delightful works. The two writers are quite clearly denned. One is an adept at witty conversations and the study of minor characters from a whimsical angle, and the other has definite religious views, and would rather point a moral than stand any nonsense from the probabilities. They are both perfectly happy in "Ten Degrees Backward" (Hodder and Stoughton), where the space is divided between them to a nicety. The person of earnest religious views, whom we may consider to be Thorneycroft, is strong on the healing powers of faith, and illustrates them with striking instances of the sick miraculously restored to health in answer to Christian belief and prayer. This is very interesting, and not to be taken lightly; but it is no concern of the earnest person's lively collaborator, Ellen, whose pictures of the old nurse Ponty and the matter-of-fact Annabel are rich with humour. Only in the last chapter do we seem to find Ellen entangling herself in Thorneycroft's business, when we are asked to believe that Sir Reginald did not know his own wife when she passed herself off as her twin brother. This, we feel sure, is just one of Ellen's jokes, strayed into a Thorneycroft chapter. We enjoyed this novel immensely.

A NOTABLE ADDITION TO REGENT STREET: MESSRS. MAPPIN AND WEBB'S NEW PREMISES—No. 172.

Messrs. Mappin and Webb's new premises at 172, Regent Street can claim the largest window in that fashionable thoroughfare. The interior decoration is particularly fine. The floor of the show-room, for instance, is of Louis XVI. style, and based on that of the Petit Trianon. All the show-cases and furniture are after well-known pieces of French furniture of the same period.

ALL CHANGE

FOR THE BETTER AFTER TAKING

BEECHAM'S PILLS"

J·C VICKERY·
177 to 183 REGENT ST. LONDON W.
Their Majesties' Jeweller, Silversmith & Dressing Case Manufacturer

SPECIAL.
Send for Vickery's New & Interesting Little Book of Novelties & Active Service Requisites, post free

LUMINOUS WATCH & WRIST SUPPORT.

No. x 2167.

No Alteration in Prices of Present Stock of Watches.

Vickery's Latest and Perfectly reliable Active Service Wrist Watch. Luminous Hands and Figures, Screw Case, perfect timekeeper, with Wide Strap, which gives great support to Wrist.
Silver, £2 12 6. Gold, £5 15 0.

Try a COLMAN'S MUSTARD BATH

Interesting booklet telling "why," sent post free on application to J. & J. Colman, Ltd., London, and Carrow Works, Norwich.

London: Published Weekly at the Office, 172, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., 172, Strand, aforesaid, and Printed by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, W.C.—Saturday, November 6, 1915. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1904.